

Saturday August 15 1998

Albania US\$ 2.50  
Andorra FF 10  
Angola A\$ 20  
Antigua US\$ 0.95  
Argentina P\$ 10  
Australia A\$ 1.50  
Austria S\$ 1.35  
Bahrain D 10  
Bangladesh T 10  
Belgium F 10  
Bolivia B 10  
Botswana P 10  
Brazil R\$ 10  
Bulgaria B 10  
Canada C\$ 1.00  
Cape Verde Esc 20  
Croatia K 10  
Cyprus C\$ 1.00  
Czechia K 10  
Denmark D 10  
Ecuador D 10  
Egypt E\$ 10  
Finland F 10  
France FF 10  
Germany DM 3.00

Switzerland S\$ 1.00  
Hong Kong HK\$ 10  
Hungary F 10  
Iceland IS\$ 10  
India R 10  
Indonesia Rp 10  
Israel NIS 20.00  
Italy L 1,000  
Japan Y 100  
Korea W 100  
Kuwait D 10  
Latvia L\$ 10  
Lebanon L 1,000  
Lithuania L\$ 10  
Luxembourg F 10  
Malaysia M\$ 10  
Maldives M 10  
Mauritius M 10  
Mexico M\$ 10  
Morocco D 25  
Netherlands G 1.00  
New Zealand N\$ 10  
Norway NOK 10

# The Guardian

INTERNATIONAL

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Richard Tomlinson breaks his silence

## My feud with MI6

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Trains and boats and planes

## The smart way to travel in London

Finance, page 11

Arts

## Is it porn or a seminal work on club culture?

Saturday, page 18

Poll triumph for prince as anniversary of Diana's death nears

# Charles back in favour

Clinton

## might admit sexual contact

Martin Kettle in Washington

**P**RESIDENT Bill Clinton was said yesterday to be moving towards admitting to "some form of intimate relationship" with Monica Lewinsky when he testifies on Monday to the grand jury hearing evidence on allegations of an affair and cover-up.

Mr Clinton, his wife Hillary and his closest legal advisers met again yesterday to discuss his testimony as intensive behind-the-scenes preparation continued for the crucial encounter with independent counsel Kenneth Starr and his team of prosecutors.

Washington was alive with rumours about what Mr Clinton might say, and newspapers and television talk shows offered plenty of advice and speculation.

White House aides repeated the official line that the president would "answer all questions truthfully" but added that no final decision had been taken on his exact strategy when he testifies by closed-circuit television link to the grand jury in a nearby federal court building.

The continuing admission that Mr Clinton is not irrevocably committed to a strategy of complete denial was apparently supported by reports in American newspapers and on television networks that the president and his advisers have been weighing up whether to admit to some form of intimate sexual encounter with the former White House intern.

Ms Lewinsky is believed to have testified to the grand jury last week that she turned to page 2, column 3.

Hillary profile, page 6; Martin Woolcott, page 8; Barbara Ehrenreich, Saturday, page 15



Prince Charles may be moving back into favour, but he still has a 'problem' with women

PHOTOGRAPH: TIM GRAHAM

Alan Travis  
Home Affairs Editor

**T**HE campaign by Prince Charles to reclaim the hearts and minds of the British people following Diana's death has proved a quiet triumph, with a majority of the public saying for the first time in four years that he would make a good king.

The results of this month's Guardian/ICM opinion poll are likely to end speculation that Charles should be passed over for the throne. But the survey also shows that the monarchy as a whole is still in trouble, with general support for the royal family still far below the 70 per cent or more regularly recorded in polls up until Charles's adultery confession in 1994.

The poll shows that a solid minority — 28 per cent — remain hostile to the monarchy and believe Britain would be better off without the royal family. A further 20 per cent of the public are uncertain or sceptical about their value.

Although the ICM poll shows that Buckingham Palace's determined campaign in the last year to "modernise" the monarchy has made progress, some 69 per cent of the public — down 10 points — still believe that the royal family is out of touch with ordinary people.

The strength of the legacy of Diana, Princess of Wales, however, shows no sign of abating nearly a year after her death.

A majority — 52 to 40 per cent — agree with the sentiment expressed by Tony Blair at the Labour Party conference last year that "we are now living in a more giving age" following the death of Diana.

Women, with 56 per cent agreeing and 36 per cent disagreeing, believe this more strongly than men, who agree by the narrower margin of 48 to 45 per cent.

But it is the re-emergence of the Prince of Wales in the public's affections that is the most remarkable aspect of this poll. His popularity has risen 14 points since the question was last asked in October 1997, showing he always suffered from direct comparison with Diana.

But the detail of the poll shows that Prince Charles continues to have a "problem" with women. Support for him to become king is significantly weaker among women than men, with 40 per cent of female respondents saying they did not think he

People's King?



Would Prince Charles make a good king?

Charles as a good king or not?

Charles as a good king or not?

Charles as a good king or not?

Charles as a good king or not?

Charles as a good king or not?

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Charles as a good king or not?

## Pooh's honeypot not so sweet

John Ezard

**A**NTHONY Butcher QC, chairman of the Garick Club, was stunned. "We thought we might not get a quorum," he said as 300 members swarmed into the coffee room yesterday like bees round a honeypot.

The club committee had commissioned market research which forecast a minuscule turnout. "It just shows how wrong market research can be."

This was bigger than anything in the London club's 167-year history — a £50 million bonanza from the sale to Disney of a slice of Winnie the Pooh copyright bequeathed to it by the author A A Milne.

And the hope for many Garick men, including the former Tory chancellor Norman Lamont, was a £35,000 windfall for each of the 1,300 members —

mostly lawyers, actors, publishers and journalists. Some of them find it increasingly hard to pay their £850-a-year subscription on top of their restaurant and bar bills.

For a cauldron of expectation like this, the coffee room was too small. So the members, all men and mostly over 60, trooped half a mile by taxi, foot and sometimes by crutch to the Fortune Theatre.

Only at this emergency venue, during a 90-minute private meeting, did members learn from Mr Butcher and their 30-man governing committee just how wrong rank-and-file dreams can be. After tax, lawyers' fees, a new charitable trust and proposed club endowments had taken their cut, the £50 million bonanza was whittled down to £12 million. This would yield £10,000 per member. The club will spend the next few months in frantic consulta-

tion about whether what one resolution joyously called "a distribution of assets" should be made.

One member forcefully accused the committee of seeking "a blank cheque" to salt away most of the cash. Most other speakers avoided the topic of cash in hand. But a longstanding Garick member said afterwards: "The unspoken agenda of the whole meeting was, 'What's in it for me?'"

Other members voiced less optimism about the chances of extracting any lucre from a committee which had already shrunk from £50 million to £12 million in a morning. For then a consolation was that part of the £8 million earmarked for charity is expected to be spent on the Garick's main objectives. These are "literary, dramatic, social — and convivial". So there may at least be a few drinks in it.



Abiding — and lucrative — image... Pooh with piglet

## Inside

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## Why Not Be A Writer?

You can earn very good money writing stories, articles, books, scripts etc. Millions of pounds are paid annually in fees and royalties. Earning your share can be fun, profitable and creatively fulfilling. Comprehensive home-study course gets you published. It's ideal for beginners. Expert professional tutor, personal tuition, help to sell your writing and much more! Earn while you learn. 15 day trial period. Full refund Guarantee. Details FREE. No obligation. Send NOW!

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# Congo in crisis as rebels accuse Mugabe of arming government

Nicholas Phythian  
in Kinshasa and  
Buchi Emechea in Goma

**R**EBELS fighting to topple the president of the Democratic Republic of Congo, Laurent Kabila, yesterday accused Zimbabwe — one of the regional mediators trying to resolve the country's crisis — of arming the Kinshasa government.

Rebel commander Jean-Pierre Ondekane told Reuters he had evidence that Zimbabwe and Cuba had given military support to Mr Kabila's forces within the past few days.

"Cuba, we are reliably informed, has sent pilots to fly the only two jets the Congo has. We hope they can sense quickly and withdraw from this war, which is a purely internal matter for the Congolese to resolve," he said.

"These moves constitute hostile action against us. Zimbabwe is pretending to be a mediator while also arming Kabila's forces. They must choose what role they would like to play in Congo."

Rebel sources said later that the Cubans had been brought in to fly two Russian-built Mi-24 helicopter gunships and not jets.

The Zimbabwean government had no immediate comment on Mr Kabila's claims that it was arming Mr Kabila's forces.

Meanwhile, electricity was restored to parts of Kinshasa yesterday after rebels had severed supplies. The return of power brought some relief to the capital's 6 million people after a blackout of nearly 24 hours that crippled water and petrol supplies and forced state radio and television off the air.

The city appeared calm last

night with no obvious signs on the streets of the military deployment taking place elsewhere in former Zaire. But foreign governments urged their nationals with increasing urgency to leave.

"Rebel troops are reported to be approaching Kinshasa," the Foreign Office said amid reports that the situation had deteriorated overnight. A Royal Marine company from 40 Commando in Freetown, Somerset, was last night placed on immediate notice to leave for the British Atlantic base on Ascension Island in readiness for a possible evacuation operation. The United States said it had sent a helicopter-carrying ship with 1,200 marines to evacuate US nationals if necessary.

Mr Kabila, who overthrew veteran dictator Mobutu Sese Seko in May last year, is under threat from former allies who accuse him of nepotism and mismanagement. Rwanda and Uganda, which helped him seize power, deny his charges that they have invaded Congo to back the rebellion, which was launched by ethnic Tutsis in the east.

On Thursday night, with the capital in darkness, senior Kabila aides admitted that the advancing rebels had taken over the power distribution centre at the huge Inga hydro-electric dam in the west. Apart from the capital, Inga also supplies power to important copper and cobalt mines in Shaba province.

With pumping equipment paralysed, Kinshasa residents were yesterday reduced to walking the streets with buckets in search of water.

Although the power supply was later restored, it was not clear whether it was coming from Inga or from other, smaller plants. State radio said the line bringing electric-



Female recruits cheer an army officer in Kinshasa. Thousands have joined up to defend the Congolese capital against the rebel advance

ity from Inga to the capital was being repaired.

At Sake in eastern Congo, a Reuters correspondent saw hundreds of soldiers in camouflage crouching in the bushes, waiting for the arrival of Jean-Pierre Ondekane.

"We will liberate Congo! We will defeat Kabila! We will succeed!" the soldiers sang triumphantly.

"We are not fighting to take power, we're fighting to liberate the country," Commander Ondekane told the rally.

The foreign ministers of Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Zambia and Namibia were yesterday holding talks in Rwanda on the conflict.

Amnesty International and the New York-based Human Rights Watch expressed concern about incitement to violence by the Congolese authorities and the media.

Human Rights Watch recalled that similar "hate radio" broadcasts had prepared the stage for genocide in neighbouring Rwanda in 1994.

In Geneva, the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) said it had received reports of child soldiers, some aged as young as 12, for the latest fighting.

Unrest has spread rapidly since the revolt erupted in Mr Kabila's army on August 2.

The rebels hold the key eastern towns of Goma, Bukavu and Uvira. In the west they control the ports of Matadi and Banana and the

garrison town of Kikwit. Officials said Mr Kabila had sacked his army chief and brother-in-law, Celestine Kiwira, for his handling of the war.

Nicholas Phythian and Buchi Emechea are Reuters correspondents

## Clinton might be ready to admit sexual contact

continued from page 1

Mr Clinton had an 18-month affair involving sexual encounters of many kinds. A dress belonging to Ms Lewinsky has been tested for possible traces of the president's semen but the results have not been publicly revealed. Mr Clinton has always denied a sexual relationship.

Discussions between Mr Clinton and his legal team, led by David Kendall, were reported yesterday to have centred on a plan which would allow him to acknowledge having "sexual contacts" — including oral sex — with Ms Lewinsky, while also maintaining that he told the truth when testifying to lawyers for Paula Jones that he never had "sexual relations" with her.

Ms Jones had accused Mr Clinton of sexual harassment. At that hearing, her lawyers attempted to pre-empt just this kind of semantic dispute by offering a widely-cast definition approved by the judge, Susan Webber Wright. Sexual relations had occurred when "the person knowingly engages in or causes contact with the genitalia, anus, groin, breast, inner thigh or buttocks of any person with an intent to arouse or gratify the sexual desire of any person". Mr Clinton's advisers were said to be considering arguing that this definition excludes oral sex.

One source told the Associated Press news agency yesterday: "It's something being discussed both inside the White House and outside."

However, the White House press secretary, Mike McCurry, cautioned against speculation, saying that Mr Clinton's legal team did not and would not discuss its strategy with the press.

Another unresolved dispute concerns the question of whether President Clinton should make a public speech next week in addition to the secret testimony to the grand jury. Several of the president's political advisers believe that his testimony is likely to be leaked to the media and are pressing him to get his own version on the public record as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, the latest opinion polls show that Americans want Mr Clinton to tell the truth when he testifies on Monday, even if it means admitting to sexual relations with Ms Lewinsky and to lying about it in the Jones case.

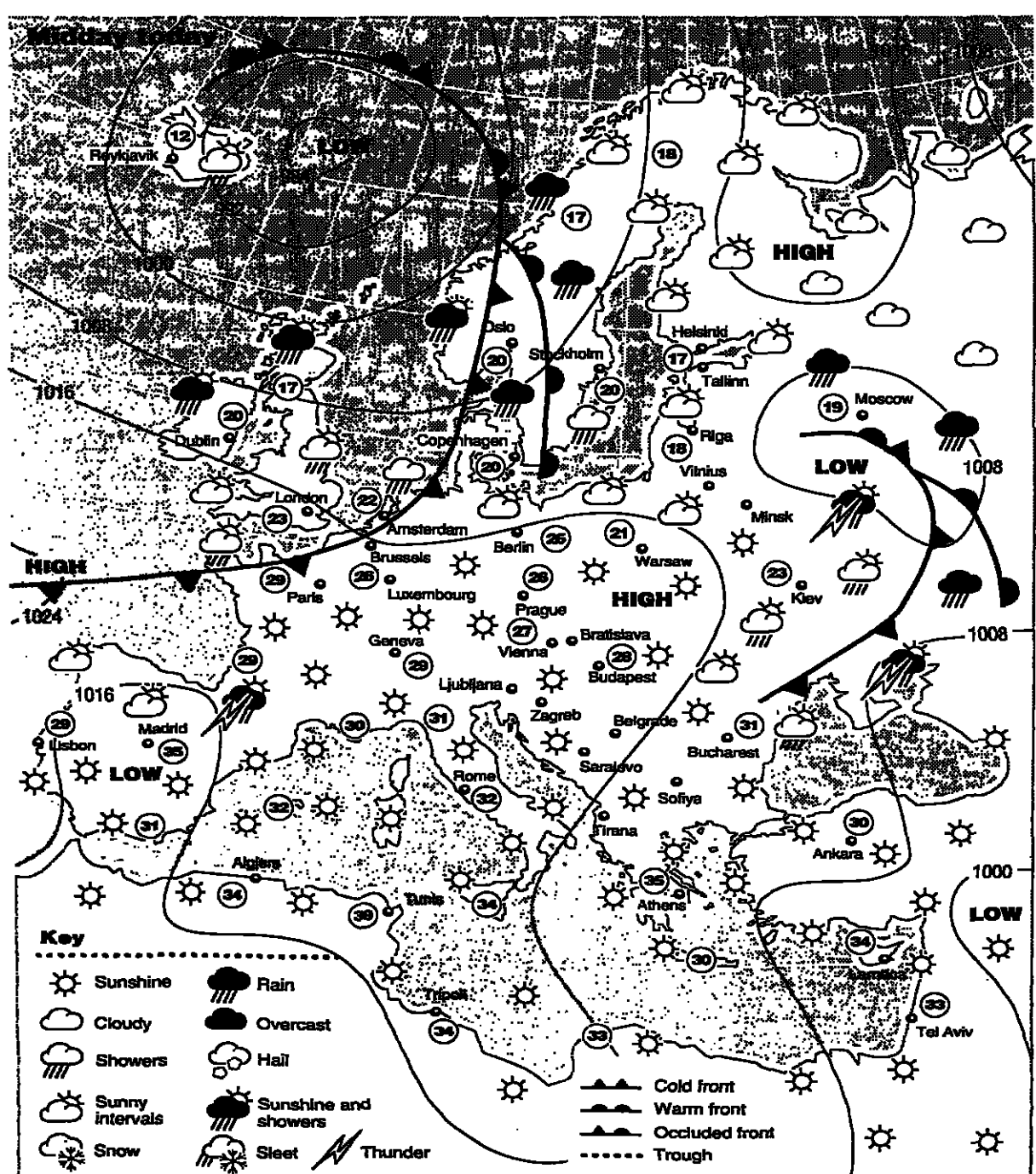
Some 71 per cent of Americans say they would not lose

'Americans want Mr Clinton to tell the truth when he testifies'

confidence in Mr Clinton if he made such admissions, compared with 26 per cent who would lose confidence, according to a CNN/USA Today poll published yesterday. The poll found that 73 per cent of Americans believe that Mr Clinton had sexual relations with Ms Lewinsky, and that 65 per cent think he lied about it.

However, there is still a reservoir of goodwill. Two-thirds of the population believe Mr Clinton is doing a good job as president, just as they have throughout most of the seven months of scandal, and 53 per cent say they respect Mr Clinton personally.

### The weather in Europe



### Forecast for the cities

Today	tomorrow
Algeria 20-24	21-25
Amsterdam 12-18	13-19
Antwerp 12-18	13-19
Berlin 12-18	13-19
Bombay 28-32	29-33
Buenos Aires 18-24	19-25
Calcutta 28-32	29-33
Cairo 28-32	29-33
Cardiff 12-18	13-19
Chennai 28-32	29-33
Copenhagen 12-18	13-19
Dublin 12-18	13-19
Edinburgh 12-18	13-19
Geneva 12-18	13-19
Hamburg 12-18	13-19
Harare 28-32	29-33
Heidelberg 12-18	13-19
London 12-18	13-19
Los Angeles 28-32	29-33
Madrid 12-18	13-19
Mumbai 28-32	29-33
Nairobi 28-32	29-33
Paris 12-18	13-19
Rangoon 28-32	29-33
Rome 12-18	13-19
Sao Paulo 18-24	19-25
Seoul 28-32	29-33
Shanghai 28-32	29-33
Singapore 28-32	29-33
Stockholm 12-18	13-19
Taipei 28-32	29-33
Toronto 12-18	13-19
Winnipeg 12-18	13-19
Zurich 12-18	13-19

### Around the world

Location	Temp	Wind	Weather
Algeria	20-24	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Amsterdam	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Antwerp	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Berlin	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Bombay	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Buenos Aires	18-24	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Calcutta	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Cairo	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Cardiff	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Chennai	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Copenhagen	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Dublin	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Edinburgh	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Geneva	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Hamburg	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Harare	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Heidelberg	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
London	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Los Angeles	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Madrid	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Mumbai	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Nairobi	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Paris	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Rangoon	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Rome	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Sao Paulo	18-24	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Seoul	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Shanghai	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Singapore	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Stockholm	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Taipei	28-32	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Toronto	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Winnipeg	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy
Zurich	12-18	SE 10-15	Partly cloudy

### European weather outlook

Scandinavia: Southern Sweden, Denmark and southern Norway will have a spell of locally heavy, thunder showers at first, but this will give way to mainly fine weather to the rest of the day. High pressure over the North Sea, but only 16-21C, but only 14-17C in the north. Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland: The Low countries will start fairly cloudy with some drizzle rain, but brighter weather will spread from the west during the day. Germany, Switzerland and Austria will have a fine and mainly sunny day with light winds. Highs 21-23C over the Low Countries, but generally 25-29C elsewhere. Spain and Portugal: Northern parts of France will be mostly cloudy with showers at first, but this will give way to mainly fine weather to the rest of the day. Highs 21-23C in the north, but generally 25-30C elsewhere. Italy: Afternoon thunder showers are likely over the Pyrenees and the Cantabrian mountains in Spain, but the rest of Iberia will continue hot and sunny. Highs 22-25C over northern Spain, but generally between 30-35C elsewhere in Spain and Portugal. Greece: Thunder showers are likely over the Alps during the afternoon, but the rest of Italy will have another hot and mainly sunny day. Highs 31-35C. The dry, sunny and hot weather continues with the Aegean coasts and islands having the best relief from the heat with a cooling breeze. Highs from 28C over the eastern islands up to 35C inland.

### Television and radio — Saturday

Time	Channel	Programme
5.00am	BBC 1	5.00am News, 5.15am News, 5.30am News, 5.45am News, 6.00am News, 6.15am News, 6.30am News, 6.45am News, 7.00am News, 7.15am News, 7.30am News, 7.45am News, 8.00am News, 8.15am News, 8.30am News, 8.45am News, 9.00am News, 9.15am News, 9.30am News, 9.45am News, 10.00am News, 10.15am News, 10.30am News, 10.45am News, 11.00am News, 11.15am News, 11.30am News, 11.45am News, 12.00am News, 12.15am News, 12.30am News, 12.45am News, 1.00am News, 1.15am News, 1.30am News, 1.45am News, 2.00am News, 2.15am News, 2.30am News, 2.45am News, 3.00am News, 3.15am News, 3.30am News, 3.45am News, 4.00am News, 4.15am News, 4.30am News, 4.45am News, 5.00am News, 5.15am News, 5.30am News, 5.45am News, 6.00am News, 6.15am News, 6.30am News, 6.45am News, 7.00am News, 7.15am News, 7.30am News, 7.45am News, 8.00am News, 8.15am News, 8.30am News, 8.45am News, 9.00am News, 9.15am News, 9.30am News, 9.45am News, 10.00am News, 10.15am News, 10.30am News, 10.45am News, 11.00am News, 11.15am News, 11.30am 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# Victory in court for television hypnotist

Helen Carter

**H**YPNOTIST Paul McKenna emerged victorious from the High Court yesterday after successfully defending an action brought by one of his stage show volunteers, who claimed the experience transformed him into an aggressive schizophrenic.

Mr Justice Toulson ruled that it was a coincidence that Christopher Gates, who had been claiming £200,000 damages from McKenna, developed the acute mental illness days after he attended the hypnotist's stage show.

He said it was perfectly understandable that Mr Gates, of Downley, Buckinghamshire, should have believed his sudden descent into mental illness was caused by the hypnotic experience, but this was not the case.

The court had heard that Mr Gates, aged 30, had been made to believe by McKenna that he was a ballet dancer, an interpreter for aliens from outer space, the Rolling Stone Mick Jagger and a naughty schoolboy.

While he was in a trance, which lasted 2½ hours, McKenna told him that a woman was wearing special glasses that allowed her to see him naked.

The furniture polisher was unable to sleep after participating in the stage show in March 1994 and the following day at work his supervisor noticed a marked change in his behaviour. At times he giggled for no apparent

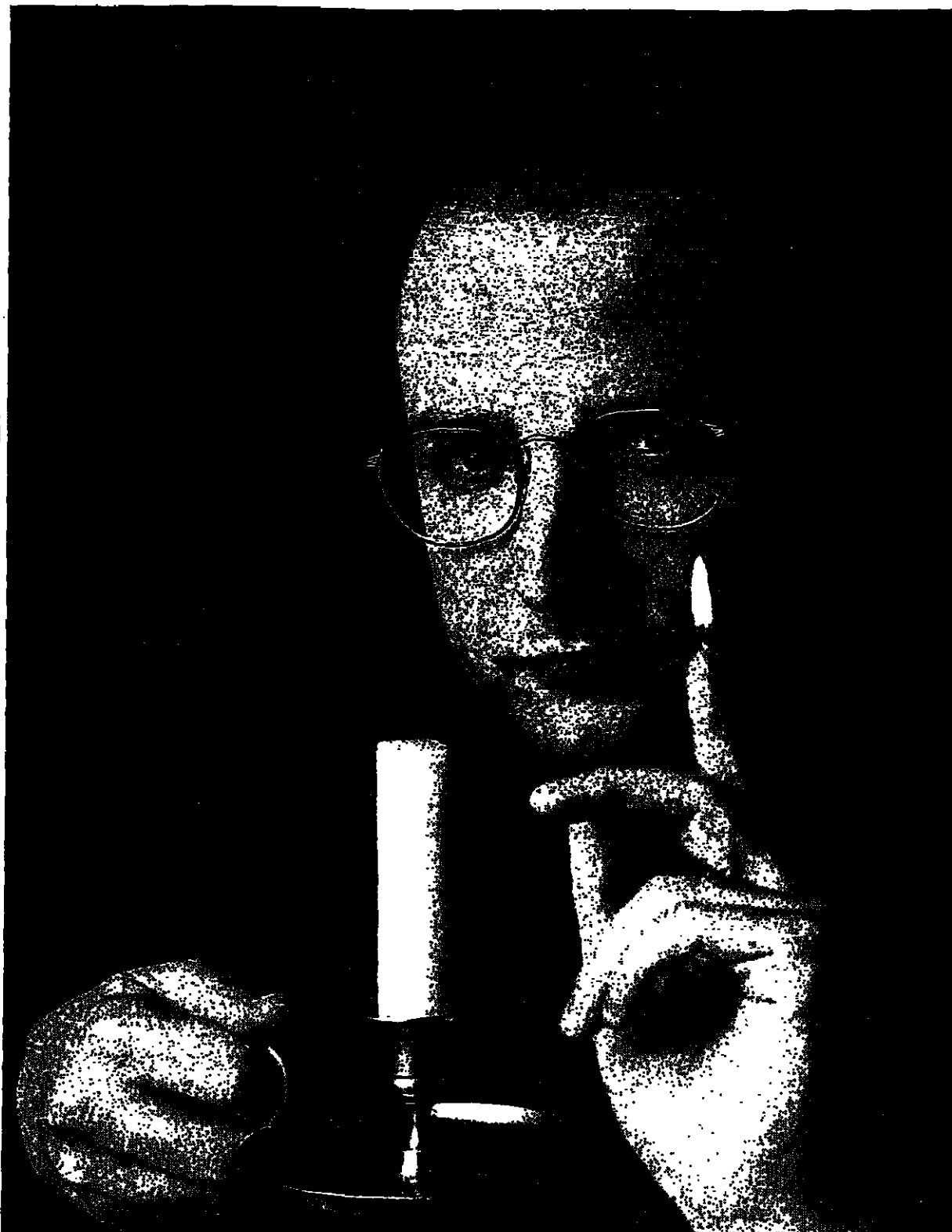
reason or he displayed irrational aggression.

Mr Gates's ordeal was described by his girlfriend, Beverly Gibbs, as horrendous. She said he paced around his bedroom shouting "Kill McKenna" and refused to bathe as he feared the hypnotist was waiting for him in the bathroom. He also thought he would die if he went to sleep and believed he could stop cars with his eyes. Nine days after the stage show, he was admitted to hospital suffering from acute schizophrenia and he has been unable to work since.

However, Mr Justice Toulson concluded in a 38-page judgment: "Schizophrenia is an organic illness which could not be caused by hypnosis. The plaintiff was already either suffering from schizophrenia or was on the point of doing so at the time of the show, and the connection in time between his appearance on the show and the manifestation of the illness was a coincidence. By taking part in the show the plaintiff consented to participating in what were no more than a series of silly sketches, harmless in themselves. By all accounts the plaintiff appeared to be the star performer of the evening."

McKenna, who describes himself as an expert in the art but not science of hypnosis, was delighted by the result but said the cost of clearing his name added up to £1 million in lost business and sponsorships.

Mr Gates was not in court to hear the ruling.



There's a man on television swears he's Elvis... John Humphreys of Glasgow (above) was hypnotised by Paul McKenna (left) on his TV show. Christopher Gates (below) volunteered for stage hypnosis. The show ended in court



## Fun or dangerous? It's all down to trance

The experts are divided about stage hypnosis: some say it's harmless; others a lottery that, despite yesterday's ruling, can cause lasting psychological harm. **Nick Hopkins** reports

**T**HE case against Paul McKenna may not have proved that hypnosis is dangerous, but it certainly made the business look absurd and increasingly out of control.

A hypnotist has tremendous power. A good one can make you dance like Elvis Presley, sing like Madonna, or simulate an orgasm in front of hundreds of people who are revelling in your humiliation.

Yet there is not a hypnotist in the country — Paul McKenna included — who has been formally trained here. There is no recognised medical qualification or accepted ethical standard. However, McKenna was awarded a PhD in philosophy in hypnotherapy from the University of La Salle, Louisiana, in 1987.

Mr Justice Toulson looked on witheringly as James Cordean, a retired performer known as Dr Q, explained how he had gained his PhD in hypnosis. "I bought it for £20 in America," he said, without a hint of embarrassment. "It's what we call puff."

Such abuses are widespread and their proliferation is hardly surprising. There is no regulation of the expanding business by the Government and none is intended.

Attempts at self-regulation have been farcical. The court heard that most members of the British Council of Professional Stage Hypnotists, created to ensure probity among performers, were claiming bogus degrees and doctorates to

boost their egos and shore up their credibility.

Hypnotists can spring up and have and work with impunity. This freedom does not mean that the science behind hypnosis is simple and easily learned. It isn't.

There is not a hypnotist in the country who knows what is going on in the brain during the hypnotic process. It is easy enough to put someone in a trance, and easy enough to bring someone out of it. But nobody is sure precisely what happens in between.

The uncertainty was the key to the case, providing the best arguments for the plaintiff and the defence.

McKenna argued that thousands of people are hypnotised every year in pubs, bars and student unions, and suffer few side-effects.

His QC, Roger Henderson, suggested that the symptoms of Christopher Gates's mental illness were evident before he went to the show in High Wycombe four years ago. He was under stress because he thought he was going to lose his job, and was already behaving out of character when McKenna put him in a trance.

Mr Henderson repeatedly pointed to the fact that there is no unequivocal proof that hypnosis can induce mental illness. Anthony Scrivener, QC, for Mr Gates, could not provide any. His theory was one of cause and effect.

Mr Gates had been a perfectly healthy man before he went to the show. Nine days later, he was diagnosed with acute schizophrenia and has

not worked since. Mr Scrivener accused McKenna of negligence. He had not vetted his volunteers properly, and upset Mr Gates with the tasks he set him.

Expert witnesses said it was possible that McKenna's hypnosis had uncovered a schizophrenic weakness, but would not commit themselves to anything stronger.

The problem is, nobody really knows the truth.

There is a schism in the field between those who think that stage hypnosis is dangerous and those who do not. In the absence of compelling research, the theories are based on a mixture of personal belief, experience and intuition.

Michael Heap, a chartered clinical psychologist and president of the British Society of Experimental and Clinical Hypnosis, is the foremost academic authority on the subject in the UK.

He does not believe that Paul McKenna can be blamed for Mr Gates's illness. He is one of the old school. To him, hypnosis does not involve an altered state of consciousness, but a "heightened state of suggestibility".

Dr Heap said: "It would be highly unusual for a person to develop chronic schizophrenia from one incident. After a stage performance a person may worry that the hypnosis has altered them, and this may alter their grasp on reality. But hypnosis does not create psychotic vulnerabilities and I do not believe that the effect of hypnosis is strong enough to expose those kind of vulnerabilities."

He said the principles of stage hypnosis and hypnotherapy were the same. Those most susceptible to hypnosis are usually thought to have an intense imaginative life, which may be related to early childhood experiences.

hypnotist does not have the time to select the people who may be affected by the process. How does the stage hypnotist know if a volunteer from the audience suffers from epilepsy, or is a schizophrenic who has never been diagnosed? He doesn't. And that makes stage hypnosis a dangerous lottery.

Mr Crussell believes that stage hypnosis should be outlawed, and there should be a register of hypnotists vetted by the Department of Health.

At the moment, the Government is not interested in hypnosis. An independent review by a panel of four experts appointed by the Home Office in 1995 concluded: "On the basis of the material provided... there is not enough evidence of serious risk to the public to warrant banning stage hypnosis."

"Given the large number of people who participate in these shows, a small but important group would be expected to have pre-existing physical, emotional or psychological problems. If a problem shows up after an unusual event such as participating in a stage hypnosis show, it may seem as though the show was responsible even on occasions when this was not the case."

The panel, made up of clinical psychologists and psychotherapists, complained that "there were no studies which represented a scientific attempt to evaluate the effects of stage hypnosis".

The report raised more questions than it answered and offered no consolation to Margaret Harper. The death of her daughter, Sharon Tabern, had been the catalyst for the inquiry. Mrs Tabern had been hypnotised in a pub in Leyland, Lancashire. She was brought out of the trance by being told she would be receiving a 10,000-volt shock. Unknown to the hypnotist, she had a phobia of electric-

ity. Five hours after the show, she choked on her own vomit.

There have been other recent complaints about the effects of stage hypnosis. One man was told under hypnosis that he found pieces of furniture attractive. He claimed in a civil suit that when he came out of the spell,

the suggestion remained and he had a "disturbing and uncontrollable urge to have sex with furniture and domestic appliances".

Dr Heap has doubted the authenticity of this victim, but there is no argument over Mr Gates. He has suffered from mental illness, and the

effects are still with him. He is a big, lumbering man. Watching him struggle to keep attention during the trial — he fell asleep at least once — it was hard to believe he was once a keen weightlifter and member of a karate club.

There is no convincing explanation for Mr Gates's sudden deterioration.

McKenna is convinced that he was not part of the problem. "My show is a fun show," he said. "People choose to participate in it. If anyone shows any sign of distress, I would ask them if they wanted to leave the stage."

## SAVE THE CHILDREN



A Save the Children plane delivering supplies in southern Sudan.

Photo: Neil Cooper

## SUDAN CHILDREN'S APPEAL

Today in Sudan 2.6 million people are in urgent need of food aid, and nearly half of these are at immediate risk from starvation. Children are suffering terribly. Right now the priorities are food and the need to provide protection and support to the children becoming separated from their families.

We have worked alongside the resourceful people of Sudan through many tough times in the past, but civil war and drought mean that the lives of many children depend, for now, on outside help.

As well as working closely with other charities active in the region to assist in the delivery of food aid and essential relief items, Save the Children is the lead agency responsible for unaccompanied children.

Our staff are working around the clock providing immediate assistance, whilst also planning ahead for the future when the present chronic food needs have been met. We are:

- organising community kitchens to provide unaccompanied children with a regular food supply and offering particularly vulnerable children a secure base to stay
- supplying high energy biscuits for children

- providing experts to the UN World Food Programme to plan how to get the food to those who need it most, and supplying trucks to facilitate the distribution of food beyond the airstrips

- providing a water consultant to assess the problems of water supply systems and training local mobile teams to create and maintain new water sources

- distributing fishing equipment, community survival kits and other essential

items to give help to families now and in the future.

We're pressing for peace as the only long term solution to the problems in Sudan. But meanwhile, we're doing all we can.

We believe that the children of Sudan have the right to a childhood, as much as any child of any nation.

Whatever you can send will help...

**Save the Children**  
Registered Charity No. 213890

Please give what you can for Sudan's children

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## You are in my power... how hypnosis works



Feeling sleepy? A hypnotist at work PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID SELLITOE

**T**HE normal technique is for the hypnotist to ask members of the audience to perform a simple task to establish which are most susceptible, writes Helen Carter.

"The hypnotist asks the audience to sit with their hands together and listen to his voice. He tells them that their hands are getting tighter and tighter on the count of 10," said Derek Crussell of the South London Hypnotherapy Centre.

"Then out of an audience of 1,000 people he might end up with 40 who are unable to unlock their hands and they go up on stage."

Once the hand-clasp test has been carried out, the hypnotist knows he has a group of willing volunteers. After suggesting that they perform a series of often bizarre requests, he counts

down to bring his subjects out of the trance.

Johnny Hillyard, chairman of the Federation of Ethical Stage Hypnotists, said: "I ask the volunteers to listen to my voice and make suggestions to them, such as telling them that their legs or arms are heavy."

"If I were to play music to them and suggest that they were a bullfighter, the person knows that they are not really a bullfighter. Then I count to five and snap my fingers to get them to wake up. Most of the time they are awake already."

He said the principles of stage hypnosis and hypnotherapy were the same. Those most susceptible to hypnosis are usually thought to have an intense imaginative life, which may be related to early childhood experiences.

## IN: Beatles, Radiohead, Vera Lynn

Janine Gibson  
Media Correspondent

**T**HE shameful truth is that the nation of Britpop and punk is secretly rather middle of the road.

The largest-ever poll of musical tastes has confirmed the Beatles' place in British hearts, but the

remainder of the top 100 is a triumph for easy listening. Celine Dion, Cliff Richard, Phil Collins and Elton John dominate the top 10 in a list compiled by the British Marketing Research Bureau for Mojo magazine after asking 5,000 people to name their favourite recording artist of all time.

Mojo's editor, Mat Snow, yesterday acknowledged

the list's conservative edge, but the inclusion of such figures as Vera Lynn and Perry Como was the result of letting the over-45s have a say. "We associate music consumption with youngish people and tend to discount older people, who are very seldom asked their opinion about anything. Remember, 30 per cent of the population is over 55."

## Britain's all-time pop 100

1. The Beatles	51. Phil Collins	91. The Rolling Stones
2. The Beatles	52. Cliff Richard	92. The Beatles
3. The Beatles	53. Cliff Richard	93. The Beatles
4. The Beatles	54. Cliff Richard	94. The Beatles
5. The Beatles	55. Cliff Richard	95. The Beatles
6. The Beatles	56. Cliff Richard	96. The Beatles
7. The Beatles	57. Cliff Richard	97. The Beatles
8. The Beatles	58. Cliff Richard	98. The Beatles
9. The Beatles	59. Cliff Richard	99. The Beatles
10. The Beatles	60. Cliff Richard	100. The Beatles

## OUT: The Who, Morrissey, Sex Pistols



## Forget rock. What people really like is easy listening

The biggest surprise, according to Mr Snow, was not those who were in, but those who were out. He could find no reason for the exclusion of the Smiths, for example. Where were the teenage boys that hung on Morrissey's every word?

"For a generation of white rock fans and sensitive young people, The Smiths were the No 1 act.

Perhaps the fans started listening to other things which are more on their mind."

The Smiths are not the only surprise omission. Precious few 1980s acts appear, nor do the Who, the Sex Pistols, T Rex, or the Clash.

It seems the middle aged and middle class won through. The Beatles received 261 votes, mostly ABCs from the 45 to 54-year-old group. Elvis Presley fans were more likely to be working class. Frank Sinatra got 148 votes, mostly older middle-class women, whereas Queen, at fourth with 128 votes, ranked high among middle-class men.

The best showing for a British 1990s act was Oasis, placed eighth with 92 votes, all but two of them from the under 35s. Boyzone made 38, but the bands with indie cred were far lower: the Verve at 45, Radiohead at 49, and the Prodigy at 54.

Madonna, who turns 40 on Sunday, will no doubt be less than impressed to be beaten by both Celine Dion and Shirley Bassey to top female artist honours. Similarly Bob Dylan (ranked 41) must be asking himself what he did to deserve being topped by the Backstreet Boys.

Alan Smith, of the music industry magazine Tip Sheet, commented: "The true greats will always stand out, whereas the fads and trends will come and go."

## Debt 'forces one in five students to drop out'

Stuart Miller

**D**EBT forces up to one in five students to drop out, according to a survey published yesterday.

As sixth formers get ready for their A level results on Thursday and the prospect of university, the annual Push student survey said that the average student debt run up in a year had risen to more than £1,700 from £1,400 12 months ago; the worst cases owed up to £12,000 after three years at university.

Students in London were worst off, with an average annual debt of more than £2,000 — more than 20 per cent up on last year.

"The bottom line is that students are getting poorer and poorer and poorer," said Johnny Rich, editor of the Push university guide.

"What we have to ask is whether the contribution of higher education as a whole is being matched by the investment of society as a whole."

For the first time this year students will also have to pay £1,000 a year tuition fees.

The National Union of Students said the introduction of fees — only new students whose combined parental income is less than £23,000 are exempt — will accelerate the crisis. "Students are giving up their courses increasingly for financial reasons," a spokeswoman said. "They just cannot afford it, and the situation is going to get worse. We do not believe students or their parents should have to pay for their tuition."

The guide claimed that Goldsmith's College in south-east London fared worst in the table of debt. It had a drop-out rate of 27 per cent and undergraduates owed an average of £3,550 in loans and overdrafts, according to the guide.

The college dismissed the survey as "unrepresentative and misleading". In a statement, it put the average debt at £1,500-£2,000 including student loans. It also disputed the guide's drop-out rate, claiming it did not take into account students who temporarily interrupted their study and returned to higher education within a year, or students who changed courses.

The guide also claimed the high drop-out rate at some institutions might be caused by students being encouraged to start courses they did not have the ability to complete. It cited Queen Mary and Westfield College in east London which was said to have a 27 per cent drop-out rate despite one of the lowest debt averages in London at £650.

Again, the college insisted the true rate was 14 per cent when students who took four years to complete a three-year course were taken into account. It also said: "We do a lot of science and engineering courses which are particularly tough, so you would expect some to give up."

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The college dismissed the survey as "unrepresentative and misleading". In a statement, it put the average debt at £1,500-£2,000 including student loans. It also disputed the guide's drop-out rate, claiming it did not take into account students who temporarily interrupted their study and returned to higher education within a year, or students who changed courses.

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## Blood sports advocates seek voice on ruling body

## Stag hunters take ban fight to Trust

Paul Brown  
Environment Correspondent

**A** PRO-HUNTING group has mounted a campaign to get its candidates elected to the National Trust's council in an attempt to force it to reverse its decision to ban stag hunting on trust land in the West Country.

For months the group, Friends of the National Trust (Font), has been recruiting members at horse shows and field sports events. It asks them to join the trust — or rejoin it if they have resigned because of its anti-hunting stance — in time to vote at the annual meeting in Cardiff on November 7 on motions that Font will put forward.

Its supporters include the former Conservative foreign secretary Lord Carrington, Sir Angus Stirling, until recently director general of the trust, and the actor Jeremy Irons. These three are nominating George Lopes, a Devon landowner, for election to the council.

Font went public this week when Charles Collins, a surgeon, and his wife, Joanne, wrote a letter to The Field, a favourite magazine of the hunting fraternity, which began: "What happened to the National Trust?" The couple run Font from their home in Crowcombe, near stag hunting strongholds on the Quantock Hills and Exmoor.

The letter accused the trust of political correctness in banning the pastime and said it could no longer be trusted, having ignored the wishes of people who donated land and wanted hunting to continue.

"These are not the actions of an organisation seeking to maintain trust and loyalty," it said. "Its decline in standards is dispiriting and has aroused many normally quiet members to express resentment and band together."

Font has yet to announce its slate of candidates. Its tactics are the same as those used for years by the anti-hunting lobby, which used the trust to get its views across. The frustration for both sides is that a vote at the

annual meeting is not binding on the trust. Of the 52 council members only half are elected by the membership. The rest are appointees of organisations nominated in the act of Parliament that set up the trust.

Only eight positions — those targeted by the pro-hunters — come up for re-election each year, so gaining a majority on the council is a laborious business.

The trust, having endured years of abuse from anti-hunters, is squaring up to the assault from the opposite camp. A spokesman acknowledged there were strong feelings, "but until we see new scientific evidence on cruelty to change our minds on stag hunting we will not be altering our decision."

● Captain Ian Walter Farquhar, joint master of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, is to appear before Avon North magistrates on September 22, accused of poisoning the River Avon with pesticides in April and causing the death of thousands of protected crayfish.

## News in brief

## Plea to grandfather missing with baby

**T**HE father of a toddler who went missing with his grandfather more than 24 hours ago yesterday made an emotional appeal for the boy's safe return.

Liam Evans, aged 13 months, of Old Colwyn, North Wales, was last seen on Thursday afternoon when his grandfather Gwilym Evans, a retired police inspector, took him for a drive. A huge search was launched three hours later, but no trace was found of the pair or their maroon car.

Mr Evans and Liam were seen at 3pm at a garage in Colwyn Bay. A possible sighting was also made at around 5pm some 50 miles away in Griccieth, Gwynedd.

Garth Evans appealed to the public for help. He said: "If you are watching this, dad, just look after him. Both of us just want both of you to come home safely please."

Mr Evans senior, a retired detective inspector with the North Wales police force who had served in Special Branch, was caring for Liam with his wife, Barbara, while his son and daughter-in-law took their daughter Sophia, aged three, for a hospital appointment.

Mr Evans offered to look after the boisterous toddler while his wife prepared tea. She thought he had taken Liam upstairs.

## Police accused of assault

**F**IVE Metropolitan Police officers are facing 15 disciplinary charges after allegedly assaulting two men they had arrested. They are accused of striking the men after a dispute broke out at Dagenham police station late in 1996. The injured men, arrested for breach of the peace, were taken to hospital. A sixth officer will face charges of disobedience and neglect of duty at a hearing in two months.

The Police Complaints Authority (PCA) agreed with the Metropolitan Police Service that six officers should face a total of 18 disciplinary charges, including abuse of authority.

Police Complaints Authority member Caroline Mitchell said: "I have carefully considered the recommendation of the Metropolitan Police and agree that the proposed discipline charges cover the allegations made."

The PCA is an independent body which deals with 4,000 to 5,000 completed cases each year. Roughly one-third of these complaints concern assault.

There are 13 civilian members in the PCA, appointed full-time to investigate charges in collaboration with the Metropolitan Police.

## Actor back in hospital

**A**CTOR Kevin Kennedy, who plays Curly Watts in Coronation Street, is in a private hospital being treated for alcoholism again, two weeks after speaking of his determination to beat his drink problem following treatment at a rehabilitation clinic.

Kennedy, aged 36, has been admitted to the Priory Hospital in Hale, south Manchester, where he was likely to spend "a number of weeks", according to a spokesman for Granada TV.

The actor had 11 days away from the set after becoming too unwell to continue filming his scenes last month. Before returning to work he told the media that the death of his friend Kevin Lloyd — "Tosh" Lines in the police series The Bill — had made him realise he needed to confront his own problem. He was earlier treated at the Smithfield Project in Manchester, a clinic run by the charity Turning Point.

**British tourists shock Crete**

**F**OUR British tourists arrested for posing semi-naked at Knossos, Crete's ancient Minoan palace, were yesterday sentenced to between seven and 10 months in prison.

The four, identified by the Greek media as Shiva Mahalingam and Mit Kopeha, both 23, Daniel Maher, 26, and Vimal Patel, 23, were arrested on charges of "causing a scandal by engaging in obscene acts".

Two pulled their trousers down and flashed their buttocks in the archaeological site, believed to have been King Minos's palace, while another took photographs. They told the court in Iraklion they regretted the "prank". One told television reporters: "We didn't mean to insult anyone." They will appeal against the sentences on Monday, and are expected to be released on bail of 200,000 drachma (about £400).

**Judge bottles out**

**A** JUDGE yesterday adjourned a hearing after discovering the defendant was his milkman. Judge John Wilson told Warwick crown court he could not hear an application on behalf of Vincent Gallagher, of Coventry, because he was a customer.

Gallagher, of Henley Green, Coventry, denies causing the death by dangerous driving of Carl Giles, aged 14, who was drowned when Gallagher's van was swept into a river during flash floods at Easter.

## One-armed sailor climbs to safety after yacht sinks

Stuart Miller

**A** ONE-ARMED French yachtsman managed to clamber 150 feet up a cliff after his boat hit rocks off the west Wales coast.

Bruno Jourdain, 37, who lost the use of his right arm in a road accident when he was nine, was one of 47 lone yachtsmen competing in a race from Ireland to France when his 20ft vessel smashed into the rocks off Pembrokeshire early yesterday.

Unable to use his portable radio to call for help because of a flat battery, he raised the alarm by using his mobile phone to contact the Antipodes, another yacht competing in the Solitaire du Figaro race.

A rescue operation swung into action, involving an RAF rescue helicopter, two lifeboats, a French naval vessel escorting the race and seven other yachts. By the time the RAF helicopter had been relieved by one from the Irish Marine Emergency Services, there was still no sign of the yachtsman and fears for his safety were growing.

But the rescuers were looking in the wrong place — as well as being hampered by the fog. The Antipodes had given the coastguard the wrong position for the incident so while rescuers searched in vain 4½ miles out to sea, Mr Jourdain de-



Bruno Jourdain: 'I aimed for cliff top and just made it'

cided to get himself up 160ft to the top of the cliffs at Gellin Bay. More than five hours after hitting the rocks, he was found, suffering from mild hypothermia, by the coastguard.

Speaking through an interpreter at Morrisson hospital, Swansea, the yachtsman said: "When I heard the crack of the rock hitting the boat my first thought was for my yacht. I had to stop it going down."

"But then pretty soon my thoughts were all for myself. I aimed for a safe haven at the top of the cliff. I just made it."

George Odoro, the hospital registrar, said: "We were quite amazed to be honest that Mr Jourdain was in such good shape after we heard what he had gone through. He's a tough character and he quite obviously made Herculean efforts to save himself."



Glenn Hoddle, condemned over 1998 World Cup book

quality for the World Cup, losing to Iran in a play-off. Venables's financial dealings were further scrutinised post-England. Earlier this year he was banned for seven years from holding company directorships for conducting a series of bogus commercial deals.

He also stepped down as chairman of Portsmouth. But Hoddle can draw some consolation from one former England manager.

After guiding England to the World Cup semi-finals in 1990, Bobby Robson won a series of cups and titles with PSV Eindhoven, Barcelona and Sporting Lisbon.

While at PSV Robson also signed a relatively unknown 17-year-old Brazilian forward called Ronaldo.

Mark Lawson, page 9; Sport, page 20

## Hoddle bitten by curse of England managers

**I**N SERIALISING his book about the 1998 World Cup in a tabloid newspaper, the England coach Glenn Hoddle has inadvertently achieved something even the wildest spin doctor would find challenging — getting public sympathy for Paul Gascoigne.

Former England managers, Premiership managers, Bryan Robson, Gascoigne's manager at Middlesbrough and a host of other footballing names have supported Gascoigne and condemned Hoddle for spilling the beans on the sport's most tempestuous and wayward star since, arguably, George Best.

Hoddle described in his book Glenn Hoddle: The 1998 World Cup Story earlier this week how Gascoigne started smashing up his hotel room when he was told he had been dropped from the England squad for France '98.

The book has been criticised for breaching confidence in the player-manager relationship. Robson called it "pathetic" while Gordon Taylor, chief executive of the Professional Footballers' Association, said other players would be "wary" of Hoddle now.

Mel Sturin, Gascoigne's adviser, said yesterday: "Paul has been overwhelmed by the support he has received since Hoddle went public. He has been very touched and encouraged by the way people have so roundly condemned the England coach and sympathised with him."

But while Gascoigne might be joining a long line of wasted football geniuses, Hoddle too is on the verge of joining an exclusive club of England managers who find their career and reputation in tatters following a major tournament.

Sir Alf Ramsey, England's manager during their 1966 World Cup triumph, was dismissed by the Football Association (FA) after England failed to qualify for the 1974 World Cup finals. The FA claimed he was too stubborn and he was left a broken man.

In 1977, he became a consultant with Birmingham City, for barely a season, and he never returned to football full-time.

Don Revie is remembered as the man who walked out of the FA after England failed to qualify for the 1974 World Cup finals. He was left a broken man.

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Pressure groups all over the country are mobilising this month to take direct action against almost everything. John Vidal reports

# A glorious summer for discontent

**M**ARY Jones of Southampton will this morning head for St Mary's Churchyard in a rundown area of the city. Bearing gifts of fruit and veg she will visit the Arboreal Activists Reinforce Decent Values Against Redevelopment Killing, who are camped in trees.

They are trying to defend what they call the last green open space in Southampton. It is slated to be developed by the Church of England in league with property speculators and a college.

At about the same time, Maggie, Ian and Hans will prepare to climb the razor wire at Faslane Trident base outside Glasgow, determined to disarm a nuclear submarine with little more than hammers. They and 94 others from 10 countries are members of the Ploughshares

annual events, so teams of police, security guards and military will be flanking everyone who turns up to a demonstration or action.

The modern phenomenon of "direct action" started with anti-nuclear protests and moved, via Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth, to environmental, animal welfare and road protesting. Today it is spreading into almost every area of life and becoming the ultimate expression of political, environmental, corporate or social disgust.

The past eight days have seen the release of thousands of mink by the Animal Liberation Front, hundreds of pig farmers demonstrating against supermarket and food companies importing cheap foreign bacon, the occupation of a box in disgust at modern classical music, and Oxford students and activists occupying the Carlton Tower to protest against a rail-track development.

Meanwhile, £118-a-ticket Glyndebourne opera-goers had their black tie picnics disturbed by 50 people, describing themselves as activists, revolutionaries and social deviants, complaining about inequality and land rights. The previous week 300 people joined a mass trespass on the South Downs in pursuit of open access.

Others trespasses are expected in the next few days on Dartmoor and along canals against cycle bans: there will be street parties and mass bike rides against traffic pollution; and a naked protest in Scotland, where it is claimed that Dolly the cloned sheep will be kidnapped.

There have also been, or planned, actions against quarries, roads, rubbish dumps, power lines, housing developments, open-cast coal mining, supermarkets and airports. This year has seen unprecedented actions by farmers, commuters and corporate shareholders all adopting the tactics of road protesters.

Sometimes the demonstrations are led by outsiders or

**'Disillusionment is widespread. People are willing to do, rather than talk'**

group camped by the military base. For the next 10 days they have pledged to take non-violent direct action against the "immoral, unjust, illegal, polluting and dangerous" use of weaponry.

Meanwhile, Jim of the Hunt Saboteurs will be driving to Lancashire to try to disrupt a grouse shoot; Susan of East London will be helping to dig a tunnel at Crystal Palace, which developers want to turn into London's biggest cinema complex; and five women will be seeing their lawyers as they prepare to get themselves arrested for digging up genetically modified crops this afternoon.

Mid-August is high season for British civil protest, just as it is for flower shows, fêtes, vicarage tea parties, regattas, harbour sports, weddings and holidays.

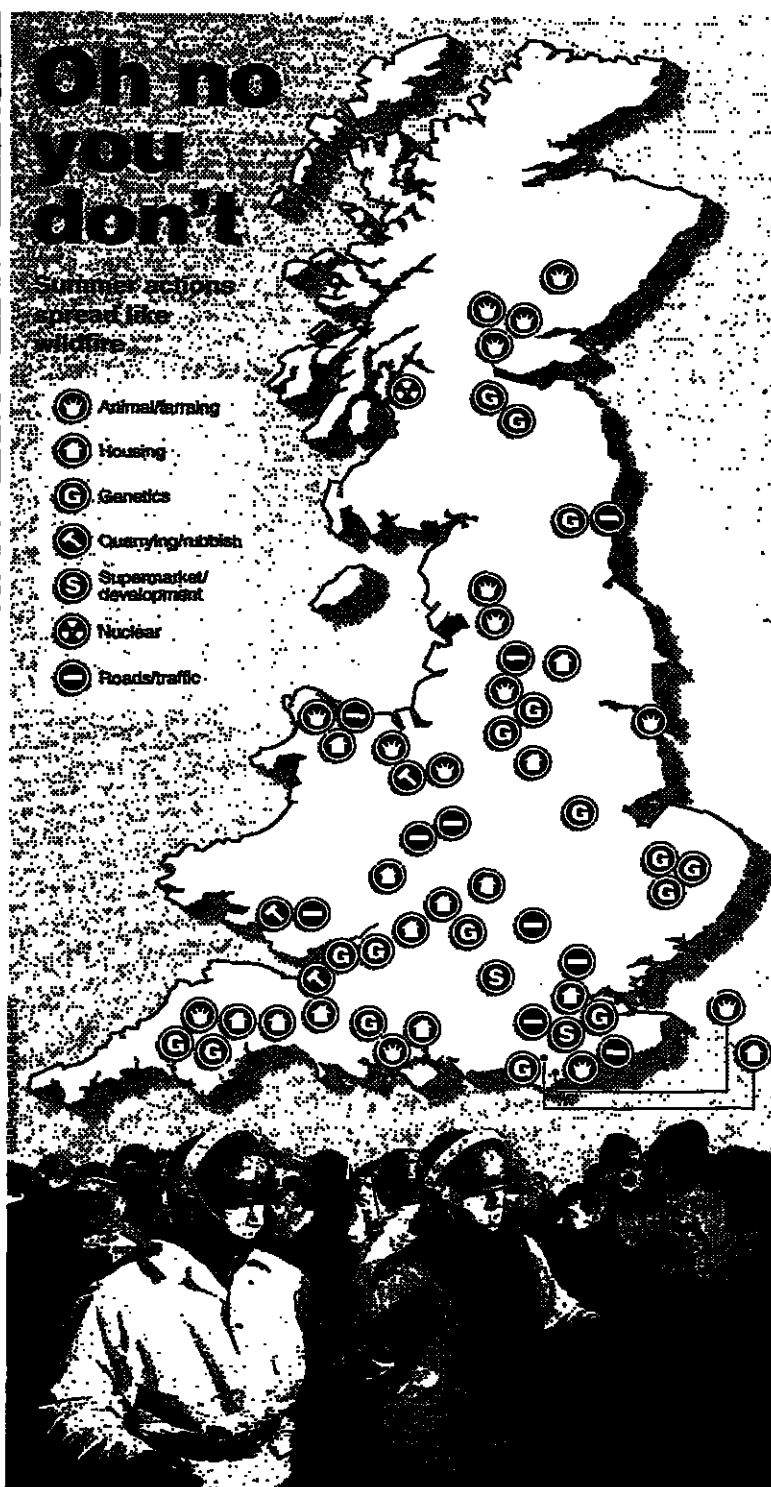
Even as amateur photographers will be out in force recording Middle England's

as activists, revolutionaries and social deviants, complaining about inequality and land rights. The previous week 300 people joined a mass trespass on the South Downs in pursuit of open access.

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Sometimes the demonstrations are led by outsiders or



Housing protesters in Stevenage communities are furious about massive new developments



Reclaim the Streets: urban protest parties have been held in many cities



Animal welfare activists at Dover yesterday: farmers' and hunt cubs are out and about

national groups, but increasingly it is supply local communities and interest groups.

"After the honeymoon period, there is a widespread feeling of disillusionment with the Government. Expectations have been seriously disappointed," said a spokesman for the Ploughshares group at Faslane. He reports a surge of people willing to do, rather than talk.

Many groups say people, especially women, are overcoming their fear of confrontation with authority and taking responsibility for their actions. "I find it hard," said author Yvonne Burgess, recently involved in actions in Scotland. "I'm a woman, I'm supposed to appease and smile and not eyeball authority."

The trend is confirmed by national groups that have been training people in non-violent direct action. Tony Juniper of Friends of the Earth said: "There feels a new sense of urgency. People are learning that this is an effective way of getting their real concerns on the local or national political agenda. It comes from unaccountable institutions and companies. When people see how business has stitched up the decision-making process they get angry."

If there is a theme to the actions it is accountability. Students are demanding ethical pension policies, while corporate shareholders want companies to adopt ethical practices in the developing countries. Many activists are furious at what they call corruption and secrecy that goes with big developments, and the arrogance of scientists saying they know best.

In response, there is a new dimension to the protests, with people increasingly willing to be arrested so as to have juries judge their actions. The model for this was the five Ploughshares women acquitted last year of causing £1.5 million damage to a Hawk jet bound for Indonesia because they were

judged to have stopped the greater crime — of genocide — from taking place.

The protesters have been given new heart by the police finding that the criminal justice laws brought in by the Conservative home secretary Michael Howard are almost unworkable.

But many groups and individuals complain that over-zealous policing, use of CS spray, intimidatory tactics and draconian "conspiracy" charges are now being used against them, with companies increasingly keen on suing. Protesters against genetically modified crops in Devon have found themselves facing damages of £600,000 for damaging one crop.

Ironically, the legal system is paying for many of the actions. The Hunt Saboteurs say most of their income in the past six years has come from compensation claims against the police for wrongful arrests, damage to property or violence.

"Activists now know the law, and are quick to use it," said a hunt saboteur's spokesman yesterday. "Almost all our vans have been paid for out of compensation money."

Similarly many road protesters have received considerable sums from the police, which have allowed them to continue protesting.

**'People are learning that protest can get their concerns on to the political agenda'**

Meanwhile, there has been a flurry of conferences and rightwing think-tank papers advising corporations how to repel activists.

It could be a busy autumn for police forces. There are more than 45 groups set up to take non-violent direct action against genetic crops, a similar number of housing groups, and many people are preparing to defend rabbits, badgers and other animals in line for government or local authority-inspired culls.

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A change of heart before the embassy bombings has exposed divisions among fundamentalists, writes **David Hirst**

# Islam's holy warriors break ranks

**A**T THE end of July an "important announcement" appeared on a website at <http://www.almurabitoun.net> in the name of God the merciful, the compassionate.

It consisted of a brief interview which the journal al-Murabitoun — mouthpiece of al-Gama'a al-Islamiya, Egypt's largest underground organisation — had with one of the group's exiled leaders, Sheikh Abu Yasser Rifai Taha.

In three laconic sentences, he denied that al-Gama'a was a member of the Islamic Front for Holy War against the Jews and Crusaders. That was all. But the importance of the message was emphasised by its appearance on the home page of the al-Gama'a site, and not on the more usual location of a subsidiary page. Unusually too, it appeared on the Internet before being in print.

Dias Rashwan, an Egyptian expert on the Islamist movement, found it a puzzling announcement. Because in February, and in Sheikh Taha's name, al-Gama'a certainly had joined the six-member Front — along with another Egyptian organisation, Jihad, and the suspected Saudi sponsor of Islamic terrorism Osama bin Laden — with the aim of killing Americans wherever it could. Why go back on that and seek so urgently to publicise it?

The answer soon came — in the mayhem of Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam. There was a link with the Front. Mr Rashwan concluded, al-Gama'a had got wind of an operation in which it wanted no part,

and was determined the world should know it.

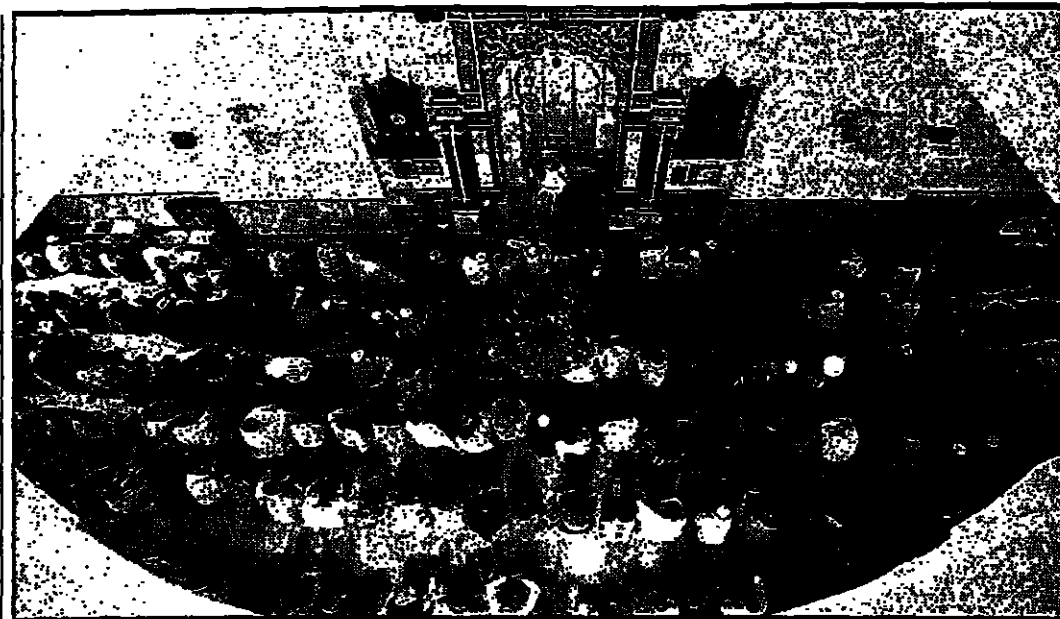
On the face of it, that was strange. The African bombings were, in appearance at least, the triumphant, spectacular debut of a new strategy to which al-Gama'a and Jihad had been steadily gravitating.

Although for both, the United States and Israel were mortal foes, in practice the waging of holy war against them never formed part of their strategy. Since their insurgency began in 1992, it had been directed against the enemy within, against "infidels" — like President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt — those "apostates from Islam, nourished at the table of colonialism, he it Crusader, Communist or Zionist".

Such a struggle, wrote the seminal thinker Abdul Salam Faraj, "has priority over the enemy abroad. We must concentrate on our own Islamic problem, on establishing God's law in our own countries".

The mission for al-Gama'a and Jihad was to establish "the Islamic state" through violence. They confined their attacks to Egypt, even foreign tourists were not targeted as "infidels", only as a means of undermining the "atheist" state.

Yet as the domestic struggle unfolded, they were thinking more and more about the "foreign" enemy. The shift first became apparent in their internal literature after the devastating suicide exploits of their Palestinian counterparts. "They were impressed", said Mr Rashwan, "by the impact these had on Arab public opinion; this was not because



Special prayers are held at the mosque in Nairobi yesterday for the victims of last week's bombing of the US embassy in the Kenyan capital

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN MCCONNICO

they were Islamists, but because they were 'doing something' against the Zionist enemy while Arab governments did nothing. The arrival of Netanyahu, and US complicity in all he did, only made US targets more appealing."

But however spectacular, the attack on Nairobi should not be seen as a yardstick of the Islamists' growing strength — certainly not in their key Egyptian arena. Rather the opposite. The resort to foreign targets can equally be viewed as the result of failure at home. In similar way, radical leftwing Palestinians had earlier taken to "foreign" operations such as hijackings and hos-

tage-taking after they failed inside Israel/Palestine.

In fact, the decline of al-Gama'a at home is easily measured, and followed its own misdeeds and inadequacies, as well as ferocious repression of it by the state. The neighbourhood good works that brought initial popularity are long past. Its fanatical puritanism steadily took against it. It reached its nadir of popular disapproval with the massacre of tourists in Luxor in November.

Luxor was the spectacular exception to the desert rule of use by al-Gama'a of military operations of all kinds. This year there have been only 14 attacks, in which 31

people — 13 Islamists, six police and 12 "civilians" — have died. Last year 193 died.

There must be compelling reasons why Sheikh Taha, one of the hawks in al-Gama'a, dissociated his organisation from an operation which, in light of the new strategy, was so politically timely and theoretically appropriate.

They are to be found, Mr Rashwan believes, in the reluctance of al-Gama'a to open a "new front" against the US when it is in such retreat at home.

Unlike Jihad, al-Gama'a has always been an above, as well as an underground, movement. It began life in the universities, with President

Anwar Sadat's encouragement. Even when it became clandestine and violent, it persisted in al-Ba'wa, or re-Islamisation of an Islamically "ignorant" society, its road to power was through gradual destabilisation in which propaganda and violence had its role. But in its substantial, semi-public self, it is vulnerable to state repression.

Furthermore, al-Gama'a seems to be groping towards a fundamental transformation of its attitude towards state and society, which is likely to portend a renunciation of the violence which has been its central imperative. Last year its jailed "historic" chiefs called for a cease-

fire, which has been gaining support ever since. They are said to be drawing up a "peaceful" contract between the Islamist movement and society". Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam hardly square with such a radical change of heart.

Al-Gama'a's sometime ally, sometimes rival, Jihad, has been affected by this moderating trend too. But less so. It was always more ideologically extreme and almost wholly military, lacking any public political presence.

Its original theory of action dispensed with gradualism — all-out, immediate violence against the "apostate" state and its instruments was to be the only way. In practice, Jihad has confined itself to a few, carefully prepared bombings against important state targets. Being very small and highly secretive, it can better protect itself against state or international reprisals.

There will probably be more attacks such as Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam. The perpetrators have already invoked such merciless retaliation that they have nothing to gain by retreat. The fact that Egypt's main Islamist underground movement, al-Gama'a, has apparently resolved not to be a party to such action may be a sign of its weakness.

On the other hand, it should not be seen as more than a temporary, tactical success for the Egyptian state. Few Islamist experts doubt that, at bottom, religiously motivated violence is rooted in the Egyptian people's dismal living conditions. And these get worse year by year.

## Terror fears shut Tirana mission

**T**HE United States yesterday closed its embassy in Albania, citing as the reason a terrorist threat in the wake of the bombings in Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam, *Martin Kettle in Washington reports.*

A statement from the embassy in the capital Tirana said that on security advice "normal operations" at the mission had been suspended and non-essential personnel were to be flown home.

The state department in Washington confirmed that the decision was taken because of increased tensions following reports that the CIA had been involved in the arrest of Islamic militants in Albania last month and their subsequent deportation to Egypt for questioning in connection with the Luxor massacre in November last year.

The state department said the embassy's closure was in line with policy towards non-essential personnel since the African bombings. Washington has also warned US citizens against travelling in Albania.

A US contingent of 55 service personnel is due next week to take part in Nato exercises in Albania designed to put pressure on Yugoslavia over the Kosovo crisis, but a spokesman said security had been increased.

## Cabbies told 'steer clear of rows'

Christopher Zinn in Sydney

**A**USTRALIA's taxi drivers have been asked to ban discussion of the controversial MP Pauline Hanson, in an effort to reduce road rage and passenger violence.

Taxi associations want their cabbies to avoid potentially dangerous exchanges on subjects such as sport and religion, especially with surly customers who could become inflamed, perhaps by alcohol.

After a spate of attacks on

drivers the taxi industry has issued voluntary codes of conduct and initiated training courses to demonstrate "safe conversation techniques".

These include how to agree convincingly and avoid arguing with passengers, even when they are outrageously racist or offensive, and how to never say anything which could have a double meaning.

Australian colloquialisms such as "stirring the pot", for creating a disturbance, or "off like a bride's nightie", for making a quick getaway, are increasingly be-

coming off-limits because few immigrants understand them.

Howard Harrison, of the New South Wales Taxi Council, said drivers should not be drawn into discussions about the ultra-nationalist Ms Hanson and needed to tell their fares they preferred not to talk about politics.

But the guidelines were not designed to inhibit Sydney cabbies' well-known and often abrasive turn of phrase or their freedom of speech.

"We don't want taxi drivers to get mixed up in arguments. It's that simple," he said.

"And they should never say anything which may have a double meaning. What may appear to be an innocent remark could result in all sorts of trouble."

John Morgan, a Sydney cabbie who has been driving for 28 years, said most drivers would be only too happy to stop the endless rows about Ms Hanson and her xenophobic One Nation party.

"A large percentage of cab drivers are from multicultural backgrounds and Pauline Hanson is not very popular with them," he said.

## Hillary profits in Bill's hour of need

Gary Younge in Washington

**O**NLY a few years ago it would have been a blot on a Democratic Party campaign manager's diary. With the president embroiled in scandal and the country only a few months from the polls for congressional elections, First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton was going to upstate New York to talk about feminism.

The voters found her prickly; conservatives felt she was an easy target. Put bluntly, the first lady was the last person Democrats or the electorate wanted to see.

But on her arrival in Seneca Falls last month, more than 10,000 fans greeted her. Some waved placards saying "Hillary for President". Her speech was self-deprecating and folksy, void of the sharp tone and unfortunate sleights that have angered many women in the past.

The woman who was once one of the president's biggest liabilities is now one of his greatest assets. While rumours about Bill Clinton's sex life have contributed to the jitters on Wall Street, Hillary's political stock has kept rising.

Her approval ratings, at 65 per cent, are higher than ever. A Gallup poll in January revealed her to be "the most admired woman in America". She recently completed a national tour to raise awareness of America's historic sites and treasures. In the autumn she will travel to Northern Ireland to promote the peace agreement. Her profile has rarely been more public.

Far from going into hiding while intimate details of her husband's alleged sexual affair with the former White House intern, Monica Lewinsky, have been splashed across front pages countrywide, Hillary has come out fighting.

Soon after the scandal broke she went on television to defend the president, insisting that a "vast rightwing conspiracy" has hounded my husband since the day he announced for president". She said the "conspiracy" was being assisted by the "politically-motivated" independent counsel, Kenneth Starr.

This week she told a reporter the first couple were being targeted because of a prejudice against Arkansas. Bill Clinton's home state and one of the poorest areas of the

United States. "I think a lot of this is prejudice against our state... They wouldn't be doing this if we were from some other state," she said.

She is one of only a handful of people whom the president can talk to about the whole affair, and has been a key figure in organising a plan of defence against the allegations.

"This is an extremely difficult time and I think the president and Mrs Clinton are probably communicating in many ways through their lawyer, Debbie Myers, Mr Clinton's former press secretary said. "These are the kind of issues that I think husbands and wives don't often sit down and sort of have frank conversations about."

Immediately after the scandal broke it was Hillary who flew in close friends and advisers to develop a rebuttal strategy. According to a White House official, she gets a big morale boost from the programme or get off the train."

The mother of the House Speaker, Newt Gingrich, called her "a bitch" on television. A Republican pollster described her as an asset to women aged 18 to 34 and a liability to everyone else. At the height of the Whitewater affair, she was considered more vulnerable than her husband.

But that was the old Hillary. After six years and twice as many makeovers, she has gradually found a way to balance her job with her intellect. This has meant reinventing the role of first lady. She has embraced softer issues, such as historic treasures, art in state schools, funding for at-risk youth, asthma and



Hillary Clinton has been a key figure in preparing a defence strategy for the president on the Monica Lewinsky affair

herself that was worthy of her intellect but did not cast a shadow over the spotlight on her husband.

Her sharp manner alienated many people. One presidential adviser said she showed "a kind of Nazi-ish feeling sometimes of 'Get on the programme or get off the train'."

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cancer research. But she is prepared to step into the political arena to great effect if necessary.

She has learned to choose her enemies more carefully. Taking a swing at Mr Starr and the right-wing senator, Jesse Helms, on prime-time television is one thing; belittling Tammy Wynette and stay-at-home-mothers, as she has in the past, is another.

None of this is enough to save her husband as he prepares to testify on Monday. But her fate is no longer simply tied to his. Whether Bill Clinton confesses or denies the affair will be a matter of private anguish, but is unlikely to harm his wife's public standing.

The American people believe he had an affair, he lied about it, but he's good at his job. If that changes and he does go down in the public's estimation, Hillary is unlikely to go with him.

Ultimate challenge, Saturday Review, page 15



Fellow players wait for their crack at the ball as a Dalian croquet fan makes a studied stroke

PHOTOGRAPH: SETH FAISON

## At the gates of heavenly malice

**Seth Faison** finds the elderly Chinese of Dalian taking an abusive delight in the game of croquet

**T**HWACK. "Dammit!" The red ball meandered to the far side of the croquet pitch, moving in the wrong direction and dragging a sour grimace across the doughy face of the woman who had set it in motion. She had missed the first wicket, again.

"Old lady, if you can't get through No. 1, how are we ever going to win?" a sharp-eyed man in a cheap-looking shirt complained.

The old lady, as Sun Bida does not particularly like being called, muttered a piquant expletive. Harsh language, coming from a woman of 68. But croquet is war in these parts, and there is no time for niceties.

Gate ball, as they call it here, is the game of the moment, among the elderly at least. In cities throughout northern China, the retired and not-completely-retired spend much of their summer days playing it, and they compete with an almost primal ferocity.

At Middle Mountain Park, in the coastal town of

Dalian, 10 of them gather most mornings on a grassless green to compete in two teams.

Croquet is becoming popular, as one man put it, for its genteel combination of physical exercise and social activity. But human nature being what it is, darker impulses have a way of sneaking to the surface. These calm-looking older people

angles and using the side of his mallet to smooth the earth immediately in front of his ball for a clean path. Swinging his mallet evenly between his ankles, he knocked the ball just hard enough for it to thump someone else's, winning him an extra shot and the coveted right to whack his competitor's ball as far away as possible.

"You think that just because a man is a grandfather he doesn't want to win?"

become competitive — vicious, even — as soon as play begins.

"That was terrible!" Wang Xiaohua shouted at a teammate who had missed a shot. The man looked wounded and muttered "Next time, next time" softly as he looked down, as if to reassure himself.

Now it was Mr Wang's turn. He surveyed the sandy ground like a world-class golfer, checking the

Thwack! It zipped across the field, swift and straight as a cannonball, stopped only by the perimeter wall.

"Most fun is hitting someone else's ball," he admitted later, smirking at the thought. "You push yourself ahead and them behind at the same time."

Soon it was Mrs Sun's turn again. No go. She missed the first wicket again.

and other north-eastern Chinese cities with the Japanese invaders in the second world war. It was a summer pastime for officers, and the locals who learned to play had to give it up during China's fanatically leftwing years, when it was considered too bourgeois.

Now it is back, promoted by the Dalian Old Cadres Association as a suitable form of exercise for elderly people.

"We're hoping it will be recognised as an official sport by the All-China Sports Federation," said Nie Dongli, an association official. "There's no reason game ball cannot become a national sport."

He finds the tough competition perfectly understandable. "They play to win. You think just because a man is a grandfather he doesn't want to win?"

Fan Junsheng made a calculated recovery shot from the boundary, coming close to wicket No. 3.

"I tried disco, I tried ballroom dancing, but this is the best," he said. "My wife kept telling me to get out of the house. Now she asks why I stay out all day." — *New York Times.*





Five of the Frenchwomen who staged a 21-day hunger strike to prevent the mine scheme



The nearby quarry at Tautavel that Omya wants to extend

## Villagers dig deep to block mine plan

Report: Jon Henley in Vingrau  
Photographs: Julien Chatelin

ALL THE way up the winding road that leads to Vingrau, the slogans gleam white under the hot southern sun. "Non à Omya" they say, dozens of them, some scoured by the weather and the traffic, others freshly painted: No to Omya.

If the name sounds like that of some powerful and mythical force, to the 460 inhabitants of this picturesque village in south-west France it may as well be. They have been battling Omya for the best part of a decade now, in nearly 100 court cases, in sit-ins, occupations, fist fights and even hunger strikes.

Omya is a Swiss mining multinational. It wants to dig at Vingrau, but the village's traditional prosperity comes from its vineyards, which it believes a mine would wreck. There are other reasons —

the beauty of the hills above the village and the rarity of their wildlife — but principally this is a fight between political and industrial imperatives and the desire of a small but determined village to decide its own future.

"As long as there are people living here, we'll keep fighting," said Nicole Kohlet, one of six village women who staged a 21-day hunger strike earlier this year to draw attention to their struggle.

"Sometimes you feel desperate, sometimes you're plain scared. But there's always something to give you hope. No one has given up yet; only died."

There is new hope in Vingrau, but no one is counting on anything much. "There's a glimmer at the end of the tunnel, but it certainly isn't sunshine yet," said the village mayor, Claude Bazinet,

elected on an anti-Omya platform three years ago with 85 per cent of the vote.

The company has powerful backers. So far, every time the villagers thought they had won, it has come back. Court rulings have been mysteri-

**'An anthropologist came to find out why we were acting this way'**

ously overturned, support promised from Paris has been withdrawn. At times, the villagers have felt the entire machinery of French local and national government has been ranged against them.

A world leader in its field, Omya operates the three larg-

est chalk quarries in France. In 1988, it applied to dig a 245-acre quarry across the vine-filled valley from Vingrau, an extension of a far larger site at nearby Tautavel which Omya claimed was exhausted.

If it was not allowed to start digging the company added, it could be forced to withdraw from the Pyrénées-Orientales region altogether. Some 200 jobs would go, in an area where unemployment is more than 17 per cent.

Almost everyone in Vingrau objected to the scheme. Wine experts and meteorologists were happy to point out that the prevailing winds would ruin the village's 150 small vineyards, which produce an up-and-coming appellation, by covering them with quarry dust.

Ecologists, too, came to the villagers' aid. The circle of hills above the village con-

tains two endangered species of plants, *Bufonius perennis* and *tulipa sibestrus*, and is home to some of the last 25 nesting pairs of Bonelli's eagle in France.

The village defence committee was formed in 1990. Its legal bills, upwards of £150,000, have been met mainly with the proceeds of village raffles, fêtes and fund-raising meals. "We've seen things here we wouldn't have believed," said Renaud Chastagnol, its vice-president.

"Five coach loads of riot police surrounding the village, 24-hour curfews, pensioners hospitalised, the mayor and three councillors on hunger strike. We've camped out for months, in relays, to block access to the site. We face fines of £500,000 for obstruction. Oh, and once we had an anthropologist come to examine us, paid for



Roland Castagny, a protester, says the establishment has conspired against the village

by Omya, to find out why we were acting this way."

Three times the courts have refused Omya its construction permits, and three times the regional prefect has overruled the verdict. In Paris, the two rare plants were removed

**'We just couldn't imagine the French system could be so dishonest'**

from France's endangered species list. The green environment minister, Dominique Voynet, who made Vingrau one of her five priorities when she was elected last year, has been unable to help. "We've fired all the cartridges we have," said Roland

Castagny, a committee member. "We've tried all we can. French justice and the government have done everything in their power to make sure Omya comes here."

For everyone, the long-running battle has been an eye-opener. For Mr Chastagnol, it shows the shortcomings of the French system in which a regional prefect, with the support of national government, has the powers of a colonial governor. "It's our naivety that's gone, I suppose," said Laura Napoli, another villager. "We just couldn't imagine that the system could be so dishonest."

The village's glimmer of hope emerged last week, from two quarters: the regional council, which in elections earlier this year swung to the left, and the European Commission. The council ordered a survey of Omya's Tautavel

site by a leading geologist before renewing the company's lease. It showed that there was enough calcium carbonate left at Tautavel for another eight to 11 years of production.

And in a prized letter to the defence committee, the Commission said it had decided to take the French government to the European Court of Justice for failing to meet directives on the conservation of wild birds, natural habitats, flora and fauna. The verdict, expected in 18 months' time, could leave Paris facing fines of up to £15,000 a day if Omya's permits are not withdrawn.

"We're not there yet," said Mr Chastagnol. "The French government has to admit it has made mistakes, and it is not very good at doing that. But there's hope. It's about time."

## Banks close to collapse as rouble crisis mounts

James Meek and Tom Whitehouse in Moscow

DAMAGE from Russia's financial implosion spread from obscure computer dealing rooms to ordinary citizens yesterday as some

banks and money exchange bureaux caught in a country-wide cash squeeze, stopped handing out hard currency.

With belief growing that a rouble crash and a series of bank failures are inevitable, and Western fears of a debt default, President Boris Yeltsin hinted that he was about

to cut short his holiday to return to Moscow.

But Mr Yeltsin insisted yesterday: "There will be no devaluation. That's firm and definite." clashing to the orthodox Kremlin view that letting the rouble slide would destroy the stable currency and low inflation that are his only economic achievements.

Opponents of devaluation fear it would spiral out of control, leading to hyperinflation, a collapse of public confidence in reform and a chaotic forced end to Mr Yeltsin's reign — the "Indonesia with nukes" scenario.

"At the moment, there is a new wave of the world financial crisis and we have to brace ourselves again to be able to deal with this situation," Mr Yeltsin said on a trip to the north-western city of Novgorod. "We've calculated our reserves and are ready to resist this wave."

After sharp falls on Tuesday and Thursday Russia's tiny stock market bounced back yesterday — at one point trading was stopped because it had risen so fast, by 14.5 per cent. But attention has already switched from that miniature trade in dubious shares to the more far-reaching crisis in the banking system.

After an acrimonious meeting on Thursday night between government finance officials and the representatives of more than 50 commercial banks, the central bank spent hundreds of millions of dollars from its dwindling reserves yesterday morning to support the rouble.

Later it emerged that the bank had been forced to bail out one of the country's best-known private credit institutions, SSS-Agro. One report said another big commercial

bank, Inkombank, had also been rescued from the brink.

Despite the central bank's efforts to hold the line, using its IMF-replenished stock of hard currency, the interbank market — where banks lend to each other — remained frozen yesterday for the second day.

"The banking system is now in tatters," said one Western economist based in Moscow. "There's no liquidity in the market with quarry dust."

About half of the capital's street currency exchange booths closed early yesterday. Others refused to change roubles for dollars, or charged up to 30 per cent above the official rate.

Russians have grown accustomed to switching casually from dollars to roubles as the need arises, and any restriction on that freedom is liable to provoke alarm.

One Briton with a business in Moscow said he expected a rouble devaluation and was struggling to convert his rouble petty cash into hard currency. "Most banks are simply refusing to sell dollars," he said. "Those that are selling want seven roubles per dollar which is well above the market rate."

A teller at Sberbank, the successor to the old Soviet national savings bank and still by far the biggest holder of private deposits in Russia, said: "My boss says we can't sell dollars today. I can't say why, that's just the way it is."

Among the frustrated customers, one pensioner gloated. He had changed his rouble savings into hard currency the previous day — all \$25 worth. "Yeltsin says the devaluation won't happen," he said. "But I don't trust him and I don't trust his government. It's too late to save the rouble."

Jonathan Steele in Pristina

ABANDONED cows wander in and out of the ruined grocery shops of Malishevo, crumpling the glass from broken display cases under their hooves, and Belgrade's top administrator in Kosovo frankly acknowledges that the surreal scene is the work of Serbs.

The total ruin of the main street in the predominantly Albanian town, which used to be the "capital" of the independence fighters' "liberated zones", has done more to shock diplomats, aid workers and journalists than almost any other act of destruction in the current summer offensive.

"It was some kind of act of revenge," Andreja Milosavljevic said yesterday. "Serbs did burn the shops. The reason is that Gani Krasniqi, a commander of the so-called Kosovo Liberation Army, owned more than half of them. It was a mistake that the shops were also burnt."

Mr Milosavljevic, a former minister in the Serbian government, was appointed "co-ordinator of state affairs" in Kosovo three months ago in effect the civil governor, he is in charge of everything except the police.

Even before his confirmation yesterday, the finger of suspicion pointed in one direction. Journalists were taken on a government tour of the once flourishing market town in central Kosovo shortly after its entire population, as well as the KLA fighters, fled without a shot last month. They saw the main street intact and under the control of Serb police. A few days later the shops were in ruins.

Mr Milosavljevic acknowledged that the arson was illegal, and said an investigation was under way. "It was not the security forces. It was a group of Serb civilians who did it, but we don't know their names," he insisted. He was also sure it was an isolated case.

The Serbian government wanted all the Albanians displaced by the recent fighting to go home, he said. Some were doing so, but "the results could be better if the civilians were not afraid of the terrorists".



A Serb policeman keeps a wary eye on a checkpoint near the Albanian border

## Nato trains, plans and waits

IT WILL look almost like the real thing, when a battalion of United States marines deploys in Albania on Monday, writes Martin Walker in Brussels.

But it will be just an exercise, another of Nato's confidence-building measures. Nato is teaching Albanian troops how to run a peace-keeping mission, while the real peacekeeping job across the border goes unfilled.

Nato headquarters in Brussels announced yesterday that an intervention plan was complete, "with a full range of options", and forces could be in action within 18 hours of receiving their orders.

But the planners are waiting for a political decision that may never come.

The US has repeatedly told the allies that by insisting on a United Nations mandate they

are effectively handing the Russians a veto.

US officials confirmed that the Italian prime minister, Romano Prodi, had declined — on the grounds of Nato solidarity — a US suggestion that he should convene a "coalition of the willing", as Italy did to send peacekeepers to Albania a year ago.

Tony Blair and the German chancellor, Helmut Kohl, have told Bill Clinton they are ready in principle to act without a UN mandate, but President Jacques Chirac insisted that Nato should act only with the UN Security Council's endorsement.

French officials in Brussels countered that the Americans talked more fiercely than they acted, and queried whether the marines would be available for Kosovo if the US had to evacuate civilians from Congo.

estimating how much glass, wood, and concrete was needed. Pressed to say how many houses had actually been rebuilt, he said "a few hundred".

On a wooded hill-top about 10 miles from Malishevo, the last of a group of 500 Albanians who fled the Serb attacks were preparing to go back home.

"We have been here more than two weeks," said Avdi Telaku, a 45-year-old father of five, as he stood beside a tractor crammed with foam mattresses and plastic bags. His son and elderly mother sat blankly under the oak-trees.

It was not so much the Serb "guarantees" that persuaded them to abandon their enforced camp-site, he said, as the discomfort of living outdoors a long uphill walk from water and food, and the fact that, unlike Malishevo, their village, Banja, was hardly damaged.

The United Nations High

Commissioner for Refugees confirms that a few of the estimated 167,000 Albanians displaced by this year's fighting have returned to their homes.

"But we've seen village after village burnt and houses destroyed, and the question is how many will be able to return very soon," the local UNHCR press officer, Mons Nimberg, said.

"As the cold weather approaches we've got to... get plywood and plastic sheeting for windows. For many displaced people the conditions are already appalling."

As for the Serb promise of building materials, he says: "There is absolutely no evidence of the programme they have announced. I don't see how the government would have the resources to do the amount of repair necessary. So it will have to be the international community which takes on the burden."

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- b) Pack her off to bed without any supper
- c) Buy the Observer on August 16, with its essential Parents Guide to help you cope with clearing

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### News in brief

#### Burma orders activists out

A Burmese court sentenced 18 foreign activists to five years hard labour yesterday, but suspended the sentences and expelled them from the country.

Meanwhile, the pro-democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi prepared to spend her fourth night in a van near Rangoon, where she is demanding the right to meet her supporters outside the capital. — AP.

#### Fiery festivities

More than 100 people were injured by fireworks during a street festival in Elche, south-east Spain, authorities said yesterday. Firefighters answered about 60 calls to put out fires, they said. — AP.

#### War on wolves

Russia will kill 15,000 wolves this year as part of a cull to regulate the predators' population, the agriculture ministry said yesterday. — AP.

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## Russia's sickness

It's not just economics

IT IS AN emergency, yet it is not an emergency, says the wise and all-seeing Boris Yeltsin. The sort of laudatory epithets once attached to communist heads of state, credited with huge powers of perception even when they were barely alive, have now become appropriate for the current Russian leader. Mr Yeltsin thinks the economic crisis is sufficiently serious to call for an emergency session of the Duma. But he does not believe that he should suspend his vacation and return to Moscow, because people might think that "something is wrong." Instead Mr Yeltsin interrupted his holiday yesterday to visit a meat processing plant in Novgorod. He said he felt fine, although he was reported to have "trouble hearing questions." And as the world speculated on the future of the Russian currency, he declared he would continue his policy of a "stable rouble." This is the president on whom the West has put its money and will probably put a lot more. Once again the

Russian people have been plunged into a new crisis of tragicomic dimensions.

Most of the comment and analysis in recent days on the threat of financial meltdown in Russia has focused upon economic factors and the psychology of the markets. The worsening financial crisis in Asia, the decline in oil prices and the failure to introduce IMF-prescribed reforms are all said to have been responsible for a further slump in market confidence. The arguments centre around economic prescriptions — whether a currency board as suggested by George Soros would work; whether the temporary advantages of devaluation would be outweighed by a heavier debt burden in the long-term. Yet this latest crisis is and has been, from beginning to end, an expression in economic terms of a much deeper crisis in Russian political life.

The Duma is reproached by Western governments for failing to implement the IMF reforms. Yet why should a parliament which is so thoroughly alienated from the presidency, and marginalised in all key decisions, dance to the IMF tune — particularly when many of the measures now called for would only inflict more hardship on millions of Russian people? There is one measure — a crackdown on tax avoidance — which the people might welcome, but it has no chance of being achieved. For it

would drastically weaken the power and privilege of the banking and industrial mafia which pulls the strings in Mr Yeltsin's government. Even with the recent appointment of the former KGB official Vladimir Putin to tackle economic crime, few expect the hidden profits of Gazprom and other energy companies to be trimmed. Even if these conglomerates were persuaded to pay up, they would simply pass on the burden to companies and municipalities who are genuinely unable to pay their bills.

Once again Russia faces the need for another financial bailout: the last IMF package totalling \$22 billion was agreed only six weeks ago. The unanswered — and often unasked — question is what has happened to the previous sums of money committed to this cause. Much of it has been turned into dollar-denominated bonds which create profits for foreign investors and increase the momentum for capital flight. But a considerable quantity of loan funds must have been diverted illegally straight into the pockets of the Russian mafia elite.

Russia suffers as much from crony capitalism as any South-east Asian country, and it is equally foolish in Europe as in Asia to regard this as a mere "growing pain" of a new economic system. A Western policy which merely increases Russia's debts and heightens its exposure to the pressure of the

international financial market is short-term and short-sighted. Though long patient, the Russian people will eventually have their revenge if they continue to suffer from unpaid wages, declining living standards, and mounting hopelessness. Russia's ills need an entirely different prescription.

## Sun and cancer

Hands-on care is needed

SOCIAL historians may mark this week as the point where political correctness recognised the dangers of pursuing principles to absurd limits. But the signs are far from promising. A staid new organisation known as the Local Government Association, which represents all local councils, announced it would be advising teachers to refuse to apply sunscreen to children in their care because of the risk of being accused of sexual abuse. Obviously, if it had applied to pubescent secondary school pupils, the guidance would make sense. But absurdly, the instruction is meant to apply to primary or even nursery schools. Even if parents have asked teachers to apply protective lotion to their children, the instruction remains the same. Blatantly putting teachers' interest before children's, the short-

sighted association's educational expert declared "teachers are very vulnerable to accusations of physical and/or sexual abuse." Even worse, the guidance was endorsed by the two biggest teacher unions. Like modern day Marie-Antoinettes, they declared the children should cover up.

Ironically, the teachers could be in more danger from law suits by not applying sunscreen, than applying it. They are, after all, in loco parentis. Young children are doubly vulnerable spending up to three times longer than adults in the open air and having skin which burns more easily. Teenagers are bad enough at applying sun cream. Leaving primary children to do it for themselves is absurd. Teachers are supposed to be caring professionals. Understandably, the cancer charities were agitated. They pointed to research which suggested children who have suffered severe sunburn are twice as likely to develop skin cancer later in life. Thankfully, headteachers demonstrated more sense. David Hart, general secretary of the biggest association of heads, suggests that guidance which bans perfectly natural behaviour merely demeans teachers by ignoring their professional judgment. Perhaps we might even move forward and allow teachers not just to apply cream, but even cuddle children who fall down and graze their knees in the playground.

## Letters to the Editor

### Shallowness of Shayler

WHETHER or not you believe David Shayler's claim that MI6 plotted to murder Gaddafi it would be a mistake to believe that the former secret service agent now sitting in a Paris prison is some kind of guardian of civil or human rights. Shayler believes the US to be "an open democracy" (Letters, August 13). He confuses a democracy with a state which, on the word of an ultra-conservative former actor and a few decorated military chiefs, fired a missile into Gaddafi's home, killing one of his sons. Mark Brown, Glasgow.

[READ your Leader (August 12) on Sudan with approval but wish to correct your front-page report. At no time was Sudan a British colony. Later as an Anglo-Egyptian condominium it possessed a unique status and the British governor general, working to London through the Sudan Agent in Cairo, enjoyed considerably more independence than was usually given to a colonial governor. John Bowen, Godalming, Surrey.

WHAT did the rich man who took the maize from the starving child look like (Truce comes too late, August 12). Like me perhaps? The thought was enough to jolt me out of my breakfast lethargy. C Jones, Oldham.

HAVING read that "men can cut their risk of dying by 36 per cent for every 100 orgasms they have a year" (Talking dirty, G2, August 13), I look forward to exhausting immortality. Steve Doolan, Sutton Coldfield.

Please include a full postal address, even on e-mailed letters, and a daytime telephone number. We may edit letters: shorter ones are more likely to appear. We regret we cannot acknowledge those not used.

## Porn and the power game

CHARLOTTE Raven trots out the old feminist moralism (Post, p. G2, August 13). I too have ambivalent feelings about it. Faced with a US porn industry that boasts profits capable of feeding large parts of the developing world, yes, things could be better.

But giving governments power over what we watch is dangerous. It's only a few weeks since a group of British gay men were prosecuted for making a private video of their sexual activities, despite doing so with the full consent of all involved. In addition, much so-called hard porn is really just sexual intercourse and, if anything, used by couples to spice up their sex lives.

To suggest that porn degrades women per se overstates the case. Porn degrades women, as does lack of decent, affordable childcare and bad housing. I take it that such realities are light years beyond her experience.

This is not to say that I agree with the neanderthal musings of Kate Taylor. What if you are a bright, but older or fatter woman? Is flashing your knickers to make career gains really an option for most women? Jane Easton, Bristol.

THE idea that it is films and pictures which create society and determine our beliefs

is a bizarre, but currently popular notion. But it is tenuous that the reason why many women find themselves in "commodity positions", confined to the home in the role of dogbody or in low-paid jobs is the fact that the "right" to abortion depends on where you live, that state-funded child care is practically nonexistent — issues that 90s feminists have forgotten or given up on — are the real problems for women, not glossy pictures, erotic films and lustful men. Clare Murphy, Reading.

ALL images which objectify women are harmful, whether they are pornographic or not. Not all pornographic images, however, objectify women. As Charlotte Raven points out, some feature couples/groups in sexual acts. Others feature men and not women. Feminists should be against the objectification of women in the media. Mr Raven fails to explain why we should be against all pornography. Hannah Lynes, Vice-president, Oxford University Student Union.

CONSENSUAL, non-violent pornography can be socially beneficial and James Ferman is right to recommend its legalisation (Obscenity law

is an ass, says censor, August 13). Since the beginning of the AIDS epidemic, pornographic images have been widely used in health education campaigns to glamourise and popularise safe sex. Porn has played a crucial role in encouraging people to switch to less risky behaviour, thereby saving lives.

The safest form of sexual activity is, of course, masturbation. It involves no danger of transmitting or contracting HIV. By enabling people to get erotic fulfilment from solo sex (instead of casual encounters), explicit sexual imagery is contributing to the fight against AIDS. Peter Tatchell, London.

CHARLOTTE Raven's rejection of all forms of pornography reads as a condemnation of masturbation itself. Better to take, as Raven puts it, "the long way round". Maybe in an ideal world, but in the real world this is a dangerous and distorted and lacking any self-confidence with women. Without masturbation I would have had no sexual experience — it's that simple. Yes I used pornography and if Raven wants to consider me a sad case of "I've well stop her, but some understanding wouldn't come amiss. Name and address supplied.

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## The facts about fraud-busters

THE facts about the London Organised Fraud Investigation Team pilot (Easy living for fraud investigators, August 13) are: three successful prosecutions, no unsuccessful prosecutions, another 20 arrested, 16 bailed. Housing benefit overpayments worth £274,340 have been identified, benefit stopped in 25 cases, saving £130,000.

There are 36 organised fraud investigations in progress and six in preparation. They involve benefit overpay-

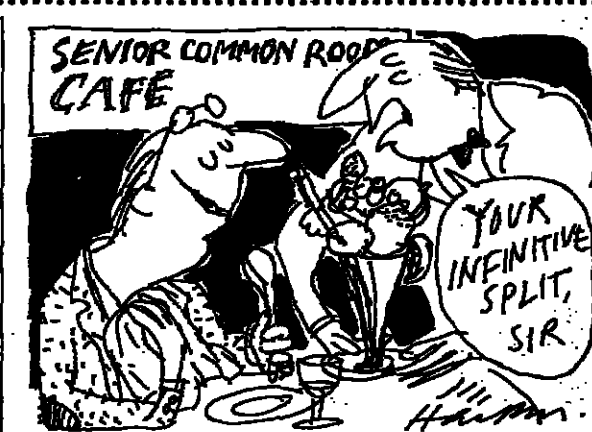
ments of £1,360,000. Information supplied by Lofft to other agencies totals more than £33 million of tax and other fraud to the public purse. Cost: less than £2 million. Pate Challen, Association of London Government.

YOU say that our team was not fully operational for 16 months. It was set up, in fact, the DSS did not release funding until December 1996 (after eight months), making it

impossible to complete recruitment until March 1997 and training until June 1997.

We did not spend £138,000 on "brand new leased cars". Just over £50,000 a year is being spent on leasing second hand cars, the cheapest way to acquire surveillance vehicles. The team does not have two Bugatti motorbikes. The two bikes are moderately sized and are not Bugattis.

A mere £3,850 was spent on fitting out the offices, not £10,000 as you reported. David Carroll, Secretary, London Boroughs Fraud Investigators Group.



## Glory of the English language

PEDANTS and Dr Joyce Morris (Phonetic, August 13) would be well-advised to consult Fowler. His *Modern English Usage* (1966) states: "The English speaking world may be divided into (1) those who neither know nor care what a split infinitive is; (2) those who do not know, but care very much; (3) those who know and condemn; (4) those who know and approve; and (5) those who know and distinguish. Those who neither know nor care are the vast majority, and are a happy folk."

The "revolutionary" new Oxford dictionary is merely catching up with what most of us have known for a long time: euphony and style must be dictated by the arbitrary application of Latinate rules of grammar to a mongrel language such as ours. Abbey Dore, Herefordshire.

HOW can Dr Morris object to using they to mean he or she when Shakespeare and Jane Austen were happy to use this form. Nicholas Pritchard, Southampton English Language Centre.

My grandmother will be turning in her grave to think that her "glory hole" — the cupboard under the stairs — is according to the OED, a device for gay sex. Ralph Hancock, Chesterfield.

"O 'bakino'" is no longer acceptable to the Oxford Dictionary. A case of you've got to be in it to win it? Phil Woodford, Teddington, Middlesex.

SAMUEL Johnson did not compile the first English dictionary in 1755. (Publishing rivals boast definitive work in dictionary war of the words, August 14). There were several dictionaries of "hard words" (Robert Cawdrey, 1604; Thomas Blount, 1656), some going into many editions. Then there were several general dictionaries (Edward Phillips, 1655; Nathaniel Bailey, 1721). Johnson used his predecessors' work, especially Bailey's, which reached its 26th edition as late as 1800. Johnson's dictionary was the best, perhaps, but not the first. Anna Freeman, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

WELCOME the demise of the rule banning split infinitives, but I write at the frequent misplacement of the word only. In your leader (Swiss shame, August 13) two out of three uses are wrong. Consider the sentence: "The bishop gave the bun to the ape."

If you insert the word only anywhere in the sentence it makes sense every time, but each provides a different meaning. Robin Keable, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

## Ofel accuses Eagle of attacking the wrong prey

[MUST take issue with MF Maria Eagle's assessment that Ofel is "a bit ineffective" in protecting consumer interests (All talk, Consumer Guardian, August 13). She is right to complain that consumers currently face a horrendous task trying to compare different tariffs. She put that to Ofel's director general David Edmonds. He agreed with her emphatically and in his first speech he pledged to do something about it.

Since then he has told telecom companies that they must publish material in a way which allows consumers to compare tariffs more easily. And he warned that if they refused, he would use his powers to enable Ofel to publish the information. The result is that the leading companies will be producing a model for publication this year.

It is true that a small proportion of Ofel's investigations into allegations of anti-competitive behaviour lead to formal action — but that is a

sign of success. It is not surprising that companies often remedy their behaviour before that stage is reached. Ofel has taken formal action over the past few months to stop unwanted telesales calls, and to deal with a company using an automated search system to find fax machines to send their junk faxes. And in the very issue of Consumer Guardian in which you report Miss Eagle's view you also report how we have taken up consumer concerns about charges levied by First Telecom.

Ofel's consumer complaints team handle more than 43,000 calls and letters a year. Phone companies do not think Ofel is a soft touch. Look at the extra emphasis BT puts on compliance. Far from being ineffective, Ofel is remarkably effective in promoting competition and protecting consumer interests. Jane Whittles, Director of competition and fair trading, Ofel.

## Ken's friends

WHY is Ken Livingstone (Letters, August 13) so shy about the involvement of the hard left in the state he supports for Labour's NEC? Why won't he admit that the core of the organisation and several of the candidates are the same alliance which nearly wrecked the Labour Party in the 1980s and made it unelectable until 1997? They have managed to involve a few people who are not from that camp, but these are the traditional manoeuvres in creating a "popular front".

Older reality is that they are ashamed of their past, but that they realise it is a massive vote loser. That is why they camouflage their campaign and why they are practising the politics that does not speak its name. John Spellar MP, House of Commons.

## Rambling on

YOUR report on the Countryside Alliance (Society, August 12) was accurate when it said former chief executive Edward Drake's business strengths proved not to be what the Alliance needs most. It was not right to say there has been discord on widening our remit from country sports to promoting rural Britain as a whole.

Last October we launched our Campaign for Rural Rights, taking in issues such as rural employment, housing, conservation and fair access to the countryside. We are far from rambling. We are against a coercive "right-to-roam" preferring voluntary partnerships between landowners, walkers and local authorities.

F A Verity, Executive Director, Countryside Alliance, London.

The truth is that it really would be a shock if Clinton changed his story and admitted lying about Monica

## Facing the music



TOWARDS the end of the first act of *The Magic Flute*, which — along with the constitution of the United States, is one of the most enduring creations of the 18th century European enlightenment — there occurs a defining moment. The heroine Pamina and the bird-catcher Papageno are on the run from the approaching Sarastro, whom they wrongly imagine to be a vengeful tyrant. As Sarastro nears, the terrified Papageno says that he wishes he was a mouse or a snail so that he could hide more easily. Then he turns to

Pamina and stammers: "My child, what shall we say?" Pamina pauses. And then, in an unforgettable phrase which briefly stills the onrushing motion of the score, she replies with the most solemn majesty: "The truth! The truth! Even though it may be a crime."

Cut, now, to an altogether more worldly, 20th century anecdote. Some years ago, a former colleague of mine applied for the job of chief press officer for the public service union Nupe (as it was then known; today it has expanded to become Unison). My friend advanced easily through the early rounds before reaching the final stage.

This consisted of a private interview with the union general secretary, the late Alan Fisher (a nice man, in his way, who once memorably said that the only reason he would like to become a member of the House of Lords was so that he could be ennobled as Lord Winter of Discontent). The day of the interview came, and the door to Fisher's office was closed, leaving the two men alone. Fisher leaned forward. "I've only one question to ask you in this interview," he said.

"And this is it. Are you willing to lie on behalf of the union?" I am glad to report that my friend did not get the job and that he is still basking for truth as a journalist, but it isn't hard to choose between these two anecdotes. One of them is morally uplifting. The other is morally shocking. We all know where we stand when we hear them. We like to think that we live, or should live, in a world inhabited by men who are purest of purest. Pamina rather than Fibbing Fisher.

And yet, let's face it, there is a sense in which Alan Fisher was being more honest than Pamina. It would be nice, of course, if we always told the truth. But we don't. It is better, undeniably, if we do not lie often or as a matter of course, or lie about really important things, or lie in ways which will inevitably be exposed for what they are. You lie. I lie. And Bill Clinton certainly lies.

That doesn't mean that Bill Clinton's lies can simply be dismissed as irrelevant. But it does mean that we should be very careful about falling into the temptation of saying, as so many commentators in the

United States are saying this weekend: "This isn't about sex. It's about lying." There are a lot of latterday Paminas trying to catch Clinton's ear this weekend as he prepares to testify to Kenneth Starr's grand jury on Monday. Many of them wish Clinton nothing but good fortune. Reading the opinion polls and spicing their reading with their own preferences, they argue that Americans have voted for Clinton twice, and have decided they want him as their president. In spite of his failings. These same Americans, they believe, view Kenneth Starr's inquiry as excessive and disproportionate, and are suspicious of his motives. They keep telling the opinion pollsters that they want it to stop.

The advisers, therefore, tell Clinton to tell the truth about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky — in other words, admit that he had one and lied about it — apologise and get the whole thing over with.

There is no shortage of freelance Friends of Bill, urging him down this road. Clinton's former, but disgraced, campaign maestro, Dick Morris, putting words into Clinton's

mouth that could equally well be placed in his own, wrote recently that the president should say: "I sinned. I erred. I was flawed, and I ask for your understanding and forgiveness."

George Stephanopoulos, writing in *Newsweek* a few nights ago, also said: "If he's lied, he should tell all, apologise, and move on."

If only politics, to say nothing of the legal system, were so straightforward. But it isn't. To hear Stephanopoulos, who was one of the prime exponents of "on message" modern political campaigning in the 1993 election, now advise his old boss to just tell the truth and "hope for the best" merely shows how far he has moved since he left the White House.

For good or ill — and its effects are not all for the worst — modern politics is constructed around the proposition that a party must devise a common, consistent, defensible pitch which plays well with the voters and then sell it, stick to it, and repeat it.

That is why it really would be very surprising if Clinton dramatically changed his line over Lewinsky two days from

now. Having denied the affair with her for so long, and having won such public sympathy in the face of Starr's remorseless inquiries, he will be risking a very great deal both legally and politically if he now admits that the independent counsel's work, especially Bailey's, which reached its 26th edition as late as 1800. Johnson's dictionary was the best, perhaps, but not the first. Anna Freeman, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

That's not to say that Clinton won't do the unexpected thing. But it would be out of character and counter-cultural. If he does it, then you can tear up the textbooks of modern political campaigning.

To understand the current thinking inside the Clinton White House, it is vital to understand something that the British seem to underestimate.

In Britain, Clinton is too easily perceived as a spin-obsessed political windbag, a man who simply can't keep his trousers on, even a bit of a buffoon. His travels over Lewinsky are treated as a joke, as entertainment, as proof that politics is no longer a business worth treating seriously. What gets missed in all this is that Clinton is also a deeply, even obsessively, serious poli-

tician. In some ways he is the most historically preoccupied progressive politician of the age, a man who spends much more time groping for an understanding of the times than he spends groping women. That's why Tony Blair recently called him a force for good in the world, a remarkable tribute in any other context. He is also, crucially, the man who managed to capture the presidency in 1992 at a time when the American Right was cruising on its wave of historical triumphalism, and the man who successfully retained it in 1996 when the electorally resurgent Republican Party believed that the White House was morally theirs and theirs for the taking. This Clinton is not an absurd figure, but an almost heroic one.

Clinton may preach consensus, one nation, the third way, new alliances and all the other mantras that are so familiar now both in Britain and the US. But he is operating within a far more divided and embittered political culture than Tony Blair has yet had to face. Clinton confronts a Congress which not only contains a majority from the opposing party,

but which contains many members who urgently believe that he is an illegitimate leader, and who are supported by angry voters who hate — really hate — him and his wife with an intensity for which there is no comparison in Blair's Britain. The ruthlessness of his accusers and enemies has fostered an equally uncompromising, and at times besieged, mood around the Clintons themselves. At a dinner the other day, a White House employee stared me in the eye and said that she knew no one, absolutely no one, who believed that Clinton had had any sort of affair with Lewinsky. I had to say that I knew no one except her who believed the opposite.

In normal times, the declaration that one should and can always tell the truth makes one proud to be a member of the human race. But in what many of the combatants regard as a war to the knife, in which a willingness to lie for the union may seem a small price to pay for a righteous victory, it is hard to believe that next noble events could be set to Mozart.



Is epidemic,  
has been  
education

Saturday August 15 1998

9

# Saturday opinion

What's the fuss? Hoddle's book hasn't broken any rules  
**Still well on-side**

**Mark Lawson**

AS THE American President decides whether he will stick with the story he has previously told in public, one of England's leaders faces his own perjury crisis, with shrill calls for his resignation over inconsistencies in statements made on the record. Glenn Hoddle, the England football coach, has written a book — or rather, true to the usual rules of footie literature, has had one written for him. When World Cup Diary was commissioned by Andre Deutsch, it was intended that the final pages would deal in detail with the precise texture of the golden trophy in a manager's hands, and whether Tony Blair on the phone afterwards called him Glenn or mate. These aspects of the narrative, however, were unavailing absent from the final manuscript and so the book concentrates on the controversy which attended England's failure.

Most interest has centered on the revelation — in pre-publication extracts in the Sun this week — that Gazza almost trashed a hotel room. This obligatory element in rock-star memoirs has caused a stir in this soccer volume because the room was not Paul Gascoigne's but, Hoddle's and the violent urges towards the furniture followed the player being told that he would not be part of the World Cup squad. Gazza was then apparently dragged away by two of Hoddle's operatives.

Playing Judge Starr to Hoddle's Clinton, the press now bitterly complain that these vital facts were withheld in the coach's previous dispositions on the matter. At a press conference in June following the news that Gazza had been dropped, Hoddle failed to make clear

with his ghost (his Football Association spin doctor, David Davies) about himself. The brief account of the sudden and mysterious breakdown of the Hoddle marriage (even as it was being featured in a family-values ad for Westbros) reads as if it has been sub-edited by White House lawyers. There is no risk of discovering whether Mrs Hoddle tried to trash the living room on being told that she was dropped from the domestic squad. (The one really worrying aspect of this matter is Hoddle's decision to sell serial rights to the Sun, his greatest potential tormentor over marriage and football. The deal has the feel of a protection racket.)

The book's combination of hot Gazza anecdotes previously suppressed, unrepentant mysticism and insolent preservation of his own privacy has emerged as a footballing press which was robbed of its traditional post-tournament campaign for the manager's head by the general public sympathy towards England's performance in their final World Cup match against Argentina. A majority of yesterday's back pages called for Hoddle's resignation or sacking.

THIS ridiculous fuss is another example of the way in which the model of politics is ruinously applied to areas of secular life, so that a football coach finds himself in trouble not for poor results but for having misled the press. In fact, the record shows that he did not specifically fib in the June remarks. Asked whether Gazza had trashed a room, Hoddle offered a splendidly Jesuitical "not necessarily" and remarked that it had been a short conversation. It was clear that this was not a full account. For newspapers now to object that the coach's story should have been shared with all of them — and not sold for profit to one organisation which routinely arranges exclusive deals whenever possible. The tell-all score-settling memoir is now a standard career move. It has traditionally been written for revenge or pension by a person who has just left office. The Hoddle complication is that he has committed to print while in situ. This may have been unwise in terms of managerial relations but it is hard to view publication — or the book's mild contradiction of a press conference account — as a moral outrage.

Just as citizens of communist states were wise to assume that their private conversations were being recorded, so those in the public professions in Britain and America should possibly suspect that most of those they deal with are potentially a diarist or autobiographer or have a fly-on-the-wall documentary crew concealed behind their coat.

A politician recently told me that large numbers of memos and statements in cabinet are now produced purely as insurance against a future book by yourself or a colleague. In reality, in any current conversation between a star footballer and his manager (or cricketers or ministers) there is a balance of terror: a memoir stand-off — your ghost or mine?

As for the matter of delayed revelation, most consumers of the media now surely operate their own version of the 30-year-rule applied to government papers. Few would look for the definitive facts about RSE or the Irish peace process in contemporary headlines and interviews. The truth comes later. Even admirers of President Clinton do not expect anything close to an accurate narrative before his blockbuster autobiography in about 2006. The reader or viewer learns to apply a five-year or 10-year rule to most of what they are told.

The two-month rule Glenn Hoddle has applied to the secrets of England's World Cup campaign may be unusually rapid but his general attitude to truth and privacy is perfectly in line with modern thinking. Whatever his enemies in the football press boxes say, he is well on-side.



## No alternative

**Catherine Bennett**

CELEBRATIONS of the NHS's 50th anniversary — which must already rank as the ghastliest birthday party in history — continue with the announcement that nurses are becoming extinct.

We are already familiar with the bed shortage, cash shortage, and consultant shortage. One thing we will not lack, in our nurse and doctor-less drift towards the grave, is complementary therapy. When we die, we will do so with our feet massaged, our auras gleaming, our enemies finely balanced, with a last drop of Dr Bach's Rescue Remedy melting on the tongue. A recent report for the Department of Health showed that complementary and alternative therapists outnumber GPs by around 40,000 to 36,300. Thanks to Simon Mills, the director of Exeter University's Centre for Complementary Health Studies, we know there are a minimum of 7,000 aromatherapists, 14,000 healers, 5,300 reflexologists, and 1,500 homeopaths to look after us, not to mention all the acupuncturists, chiropractors, osteopaths and rebirthers. Recruitment, Mills adds, is thriving.

The most miraculous aspect of the rise and rise of alternative medicine, is that its popularity appears to be almost entirely unrelated to efficacy. While orthodox medicine has got bogged down in randomized trials, demands for evidence and cost-effectiveness, all increasingly enforced by specialists in medical negligence, the shining reputation of alternative therapy is built on anecdotes. Patients who expect all drugs prescribed by GPs to have been tested on innumerable dumb animals, will swallow anything marked Alternative. Where orthodox medicine would be faulted for inconsistency, alternative medicine is acclaimed for its variety — even when these variations are mutually incompatible. The ear, the eye and the foot cannot all be the ideal spot through which to read the health of the entire body. The homeopathic principle of "like cures like" and of the potency of infinite dilutions, accords neither with herbalism nor Chinese medicine.

A few weeks ago, the BMA named that if nothing is done, the NHS will run out of doctors by 2010. Now a nurse shortage has been added to the list of vacancies: despite a new government recruitment drive, there are 8,000 fewer nurses in training than there were in 1994. Meanwhile, more and more qualified nurses are getting out while they can. Those with any sense will be training to be undertakers: the prospect of an ageing population hitting a dearth of doctors may be alarming for patients, but it will be grand for the interment business.

One thing we will not lack, in our nurse and doctor-less drift towards the grave, is complementary therapy. When we die, we will do so with our feet massaged, our auras gleaming, our enemies finely balanced, with a last drop of Dr Bach's Rescue Remedy melting on the tongue. A recent report for the Department of Health showed that complementary and alternative therapists outnumber GPs by around 40,000 to 36,300. Thanks to Simon Mills, the director of Exeter University's Centre for Complementary Health Studies, we know there are a minimum of 7,000 aromatherapists, 14,000 healers, 5,300 reflexologists, and 1,500 homeopaths to look after us, not to mention all the acupuncturists, chiropractors, osteopaths and rebirthers. Recruitment, Mills adds, is thriving.

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Had alternative medicine remained privately funded, excluded from mainstream health care, the enthusiasm for untested panaceas might still be more risible than harmful; a fascinating index of public gullibility. But around three-quarters of GPs have referred patients to alternative

**We should soon, no doubt, see Aromatherapists Sans Frontières taking their cures to the world's trouble spots**

Had alternative medicine remained privately funded, excluded from mainstream health care, the enthusiasm for untested panaceas might still be more risible than harmful; a fascinating index of public gullibility. But around three-quarters of GPs have referred patients to alternative

Mink have it easy compared to poultry. But no one's rescuing them  
**Chickens count**

**Matthew Engel**

THE animal liberation extremists (what you might call the Provisional wing of the RSPCA) are the true heirs of the Inquisitors, the Bolsheviks and the IRA. Indeed, they go further than the average terrorist. To them, the end is justification of the means, but also a publicity stunt is a substitute for an end. Hence the thousands of mink causing havoc in the New Forest. But there is something very strange about the entire animal rights movement, even at its gentlest and most amenable.

Yesterday, demonstrators gathered in Dover to protest against further shipments of fluffy little lambskins for slaughter on the continent. Reynard the Fox has become an object of pity for more than half the nation. The Government dare not introduce new rules to prevent TB in cattle because it might mean culling dear old Brock. Pictures of suffering, doe-eyed calves send the sales of veal crashing. Scientists who experiment on beagles get vilified.

But no one gives a stuff what happens to the laboratory rats. We never hear anything about the rights of wasps, slugs and woodworm.

Supporters of animal rights seem deeply concerned, not with animals as a whole, but with animals they regard as cute and cuddly. But let's stop a little further up the food chain, because what may well be the greatest animal welfare scandal of all goes unmentioned, yet it involves numbers infinitely beyond all the others put together. Almost every one of us who is not actually vegan is implicated almost every week. No one cares. Why is our morality so bizarrely part-time?

There are now 780 million chickens slaughtered for food in this country every year. Repeat, 780 million. That's 14 for me, 14 for you, 14 for the master, the dame and the little boy that lives down the lane; 1,000 for each of us through an average human lifespan. The chickens lead lives that are nasty, brutal and above all short. There is an argument for believing there are health scares just waiting to happen, owing to the prevalence of bacteria and the birds' increasing resistance to antibiotics.

Yet while animal welfare as a whole assumes a higher-than-ever profile, this issue never ever takes off. Restaurants are full of people who say "Well, I'm practically vegetarian, you know, but I think I'll have the cacciatore." The handful of campaigners in this field are completely baffled by the lack of public response. It is, of course, now probable that most Britons have never seen a chicken that is not plucked, frozen and lying in a supermarket with its legs in the air; hens are thus never credited with feelings.

"It's an oddity," says Peter Stevenson from Compassion in World Farming. "Even

people who are quite well-informed don't seem to register this. Yet from an animal welfare point of view the poultry industry is far worse than red meat."

Stevenson's organisation is a cool and thoughtful one, its report on the welfare of broiler chickens is moderate in its aims: in its foreword Professor John Webster of Bristol University insisted only that consumers should switch to buying chickens reared more slowly than is now the norm. Yet this was greeted by indifference, in what appears to be a giant conspiracy between agribusiness and the public.

Most of us have a vague sense that rearing chickens in

**Almost everyone who is not a vegan is implicated almost every week**

cages is cruel. The specific allegation by the poultry industry's critics is that birds have been selectively bred to reach maturity in six weeks rather than 12. But though their muscles grow faster, their legs, hearts and lungs can't keep up. Thus millions of broiler fowl suffer painful deformities or die of heart disease.

They may be the lucky ones. The small percentage of fowl kept to provide a breeding flock for the broilers are allowed to live for a full year. However, they have to be fed on a much more restrictive diet to prevent them growing too fast and keeling over. In the words of a report issued this week by the Min of Ag-Backed Farm Animals Wel-

fare Council, this means the breeding birds "will be hungry for considerable periods of time". I think that means starving. Or in the words of one critic, "chronically hungry, frustrated and stressed".

In the meantime, there are 34 million egg-laying hens. This side of the business has had a little more publicity, and some liberals insist on buying free-range. Nonetheless 96 per cent of the hens are in batteries. "There are fewer numbers but they spend a year in a cage," says Stevenson. "It's a long time and it's an equally rotten existence. Both halves of the poultry industry are an utter disgrace." Why do almost a billion hens get less publicity than a handful of mink?

**"How to Look Sexy, Make Friends and Manage Your Boss"**

**People Watching**

by **Vernon Coleman**

"The ubiquitous media doc has done it yet again; this time turning his talents for producing sparkling gems of information in rapid-fire sequence to the field of body language and private habits. As always, he makes his subject both personally relevant and of practical use. Here's how to judge people by the bags they carry or the cars they drive, plus how to manipulate your doctor, appear sexy or make a rival uneasy and a host of other tips too. Once you start to browse you would have to be a hermit not to find it utterly unputdownable." (The Good Book Guide)

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- 10 ways to be a successful interviewee
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If you need instant indication on whether the country is heading for boom or bust, then ask the man in the street — especially if he is driving a large black cab, writes Julia Finch



I had that Gordon Brown in the back of my cab... Taxi drivers — who have a sharp eye for the rise and fall of economic state of the nation — waiting for fares at Heathrow yesterday  
PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARRON

# Taxi! Take me to the facts

**F**ORGET the official figures. Throw away the painstaking surveys compiled by researchers.

Ignore the sophisticated analysts. Millions of man-hours go into ascertaining the exact state of the UK economy, but it seems no one really knows. Take this past week.

The Confederation of British Industry declared the country to be on the brink of full-blown recession, with manufacturing orders down in every region of the country. Thousands of jobs have been confirmed in the past five days.

The fall-out from the Far East economic turmoil has sent share prices tumbling. Then, amid the gathering gloom about the UK's economic prospects, came the unemployment figures. Widely expected to show a sharp rise in the number of jobless, they were instead the best numbers for a decade.

So are we plunging once again into the dark days of recession or are we still riding the crest of a wave of confidence? You might just as well consult a London cabbie — which isn't quite as stupid as it sounds.

The capital's taxi-drivers are famous for their ability to dispense wisdom on all subjects, but the state of the economy is their specialist subject.

They pick up the first signs of any about-turn in consumer sentiment. They can gauge the number of tourists tramping the streets long before official figures are published. They know when investment bankers have had their big bonuses and when ladies who lunch are doing some serious shopping.

Many City economists who spend their days working on sophisticated econometric models privately talk about the taxi-cab indicator. A glut of empty cabs touring the streets means that business is bad. Instant agreement to take a stranded fare south of river means business is very bad indeed.

But, most importantly, cab drivers don't invest in new taxis when their personal street-wise recession alarms are sounding. At the height of the 1980s boom, Manganese Bronze, manufacturers of the distinctive London taxi, were producing 70 cabs a week. Two years later, as the recession bit hard, Manganese was shifting just 32 a week.

"Now we are making 80 a week," says Jamie Borwick, chief executive of Manganese Bronze, "and we have just had a record quarter. In the last three months we have made 950 cabs." His confidence, however, has taken just a tiny dent in the past few weeks, because orders in July were weaker than in May or June.

The taxi-cab test is just one of a host of off-the-wall economic indicators. Scientific they are not, but time and again they prove an effective barometer of the state of the nation's economic health.

The Government and the Office of National Statistics publish a vast array of data, including information about the balance of payments, retail sales and industrial output.

Then there are CBI and Chambers of Commerce surveys, numerous house price indices and reports from purchasing managers, finance directors and car dealers.

But by the time information has been collected, collated and published, it is at least a month out of date. And by the time it has been digested, and accepted as indisputable fact on which to base decision-making, it has usually been revised.

**A**T the height of the last recession, when former Chancellor Norman Lamont declared he had detected "green shoots of recovery", the Central Statistical Office — as the ONS was then called — was charged with finding a bit of real-time evidence for his optimism. Electricity usage, advertising expenditure, train ticket sales and the volume of telephone traffic, Mr Lamont helpfully

suggested, could all be useful additions to the nation's economic intelligence.

Seven years later it is plain Mr Lamont's demands for information to detect green shoots fall on stony ground. No such information is gathered.

"We do macro-economic indicators, not telephone calls," said an ONS spokesman dismissively.

In truth, Mr Lamont was a bit off-target. Telephone calls and electricity usage are probably among the last items that companies and householders cut back or splurge on come hard or easy times. The first signs show in rather less regular purchases and luxuries.

Moods change, and must-have designer labels become simply expensive. It may be anecdotal, but the fashion cognoscentist insist the mood of Bond Street's shop assistants is as good a gauge of economic well-being as any. In good times the pencil-thin clothes horses are renowned as sneering and supercilious. Customer service is something they expect from others. But come less buoyant times, they have an attitude transplant.

Currently they are said to be still in sneering mode. Restaurant waiting lists are another indicator of general well-being. At the height of the last recession it required a three-month wait to eat at

Le Gavroche. Times, tastes and trends change and Le Gavroche can now accommodate weekend diners in just a fortnight.

But down the road at the trendy Aubergine, the queue for a Saturday night table is two months long.

Many professional economists have their own pet indicators. When it comes to assessing the direction of house prices, Roger Bootle, chief economist at HSBC, favours the broom cupboard theory.

As soon as a flat only little larger than a lavender change hands for an exorbitant sum, Mr Bootle reckons the market has gone mad and the only way forward is down.

It happened some six months ago, when a student paid £42,500 for a 13ft x 6ft Baywater "flat" which the estate agent denied was a cupboard on the grounds that it had a window.

Since then, London house prices have been largely static or falling.

If it were possible to measure the exuberance of estate agents would provide another useful indicator. So would their offices. Big, flash and open all hours would signal impending problems. The recent appearance of London's first 24-hour estate agency is, therefore, very bad news.

A nanny index would also be invaluable. In good times, nannies' wages soar. A live-in nanny working in Central London can now demand and get — £200 a week (with the employer paying her tax and national insurance), plus sole use of a smart car and membership of a health club. Even suburban nannies can easily command £250 a week after deductions.

Two London businessmen are setting up a one-off agency to provide nannies to babysit on December 31, 1998. They will demand a fee of £1,000.

So no sign of a downturn yet in that sector.

Sales of classic cars and champagne are also worth charting. Classic car prices went into orbit 10 years ago. The benchmark indicator is the price a pristine E-type Jaguar will fetch. At the height of the 80s boom they were changing hands for £100,000, but by 1991 they

were back to £20,000-£25,000. In the past year the number of classic car auctions has doubled, but E-types still command only some £35,000.

**C**HAMPAGNE sales are falling dangerously near to their 1989 record levels, when 24 million bottles were quaffed. Two years later, and with little to celebrate, sales were down 40 per cent.

But last year 23 million bottles were shipped to the UK and Françoise Peretti of the Champagne Information Bureau says: "The trend is upwards."

However, Ms Peretti is not counting her corks before they have popped. "Anything could happen," she says. "No one predicted the Asian crisis and the other problems, and all these things will have a knock-on effect."

Maybe corporate hospitality should be monitored. When companies detect they are falling short of targets one

of the first cutbacks they make is in schmoozing their key contacts and clients. But on July 12 this year, when the British Grand Prix clashed with the World Cup Final, the corporate hospitality business had a record day.

Some £40 million was splashed out on sport, champagne and all the other little trimmings that ensure executives have a good time. One corporate hospitality firm alone flew 120 helicopters full of corporate guests in and out of Silverstone.

A whole raft of statistics can demonstrate consumer confidence. In a country where eating and drinking are the top leisure pursuits, restaurant openings — or closures — are a key indicator. The number of people joining fitness clubs or, for high earners, employing personal trainers might also usefully be monitored.

The labour market has its own little indicators. As the number of jobless falls, there is much discussion about the difficulty of hiring staff.

One City analyst, who for obvious reasons prefers not to be named, said his definition of full employment was when the jobless numbers dipped below the readership of the Daily Star. Another noted the number of adverts for bus drivers as a sign that skills are in short supply.

One economist was certain the peak was upon us, purely on the grounds of the behaviour of American companies.

The flotation of Goldman Sachs, the silly prices being paid for typically English assets such as the Savoy and Cliveden hotels, the new trend among American executives to buy time-shares on company jets and the decision by one American firm to try to bring back the strabip as a luxury form of travel were all mentioned as hard evidence of top-of-the-market madness.

So what does all this alternative evidence mean? Is the UK booming or backpedalling?

Forget the figures, ignore the anecdotes. No one really knows.

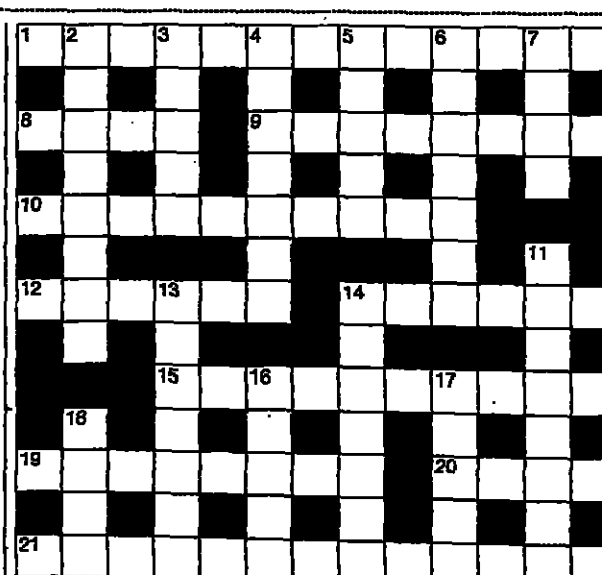
## Anecdotal indicators of recession

	Number of black cabs manufactured by London Taxis International	Number of bottles of champagne consumed per annum	Wait for a table at Le Gavroche	Cost of an E-type Jaguar
1989	70/wk	24m	—	£100,000
1991	32/wk	14.5m	3 months	£20,000
1998	80/wk	23m	2 weeks	£55,000

'A glut of empty cabs touring the streets means that business is bad'

## Quick Crossword No. 8827

**ACROSS**  
1 (Probably successful) guess (4,2,3,4)  
8 Amend (4)  
9 Source of wealth (4,4)  
10 Old court game (4,8)  
12 Hot drink as cold cure (6)  
14 Every seven days (6)  
15 Fellow-countryman (10)  
19 Animal giving security (5,3)  
20 Bucket (4)  
21 Starter's orders (5,6,2)



**DOWN**  
2 Line of bushes (8)  
3 Complete — sum (5)  
4 Ignore (7)  
5 She launched 1,000 ships (5)  
6 Realm or estate (7)  
7 Grade (4)  
11 In the pink (8)  
13 Made safe (7)  
14 Quarrel (7)  
16 King with golden touch (5)  
17 Swift (5)  
18 Solid figure (4)



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## Debate

Chumbawamba's Alice Nutter takes on Michael Winner 14

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The truth behind the myth of Stanley Kubrick 16

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Is it a porn film or a seminal work on club culture? 18

# saturday

## review

Saturday August 15 1998



He spent six months in prison for offences against the Official Secrets Act, the first MI6 agent prosecuted in 36 years. We are forbidden to show his face. Here, **Richard Tomlinson** breaks his silence about his time inside and the harsh system that has hounded him around the world

# Spies, lies and my feud with MI6

**O** if You're Tomlinson aren't you — the spy fella? A meaty hand clasped me on the shoulder and spun me round. I braced myself for trouble, not knowing what reception to expect from fellow inmates. Would I be regarded as just another common criminal or "scuzz", or would I be regarded as a "nonce", like a convicted police officer or prison warden, and subjected to intimidation and beatings? In fact my accoster just wanted to shake my hand. "It's a bloody liberty what they done to you," he said.

In the peculiar hierarchy that exists among prisoners, I was rapidly ensconced near the top of the pile, alongside armed bank robbers and master fraudsters. My crime was victimless, but gained kudos within the criminal world because it had pricked the skin of the hated establishment.

Earlier this year I spent six months in Belmarsh Prison, courtesy of Her Majesty's Prison Service. Breaking the Official Secrets Act. I was the first MI6 agent to be prosecuted for secrets offences since George Blake 36 years ago. Blake was spying for the Soviets; all I had done was provide a synopsis for a book for an Australian publisher which I contended at my trial, and I contend still, had no substantial risk to British national security.

My time behind bars was made more palatable by the unexpected support I was given by some of the country's most hardened criminals. They took me under their wing, regarding me as an asset because of my knowledge of the workings of the intelligence services. We held daily one-hour sessions in the exercise yard, like post-operational debriefing sessions. "How do I spot police surveillance?" "How do I tell if my phone is tapped?" "What's better, the Uzi or the Heckler & Koch?" were the sorts of questions fired at me. In return I was showered with favours, tips, even offers of drugs.

My quasi-celebrity status in jail made my time a little easier, and on occasion even very amusing. But prison was still a desperately miserable experience. The biggest

enemy was boredom. Locked up in a 12ft by 6ft cell on average 21 hours a day, I sank into long periods of depression. I found it impossible to concentrate even on the most page-turning book for more than a few hours. Computer chess helped a bit, and I set myself personal targets such as memorising lists of irregular German verbs. But always the deep anger would well up in me — fuelled by resentment at the circumstances that had led to my imprisonment.

How could MI6 refuse to allow me to take it to an industrial tribunal on the grounds that a court hearing would "prejudice national security", when it subsequently had no qualms about taking me to court when the boot was on the other foot? What sheer hypocrisy.

If it had conceded to an industrial tribunal I would never have found myself in the company of some of Britain's most dangerous criminals in Belmarsh, and it would never have had to endure the adverse publicity of my arrest, trial and imprisonment. Even when my sentence was drawing to an end I felt this injustice intensely.

When I was dismissed from MI6 in 1995, I immediately told the head of the personnel department that I would pursue a claim for unfair dismissal at an industrial tribunal. He replied: "There's no point in doing that, because nobody can tell the Chief (of the Secret Intelligence Service) what to do."

These words, from a senior and experienced officer, summarised the fundamental problem with the intelligence services. There is a deep-rooted belief within the services that, should a policy decision or operation go wrong, nobody will be held ultimately responsible. The service will always be able to hide behind the catch-all veil of secrecy provided by the Official Secrets Act or, if the heat really builds up, a Public Interest Immunity Certificate.

This lack of accountability at the top of the service cascades downwards to even the lowest levels. The decisions and recommendations of even junior, inexperienced officers are

accepted without rigorous examination by their line managers simply because the line manager himself knows that he will not be held accountable by his own senior officer. This loose decision-making structure results in some catastrophic operational disasters and, in extreme cases, even loss of life. One disaster of recent times was wholly avoidable had an MI6 officer heeded a threat of illegal action instead of ignoring it as a bluff.

It is also a fertile breeding ground for corruption. While most MI6 officers are principled, honest and hard-working, inevitably some succumb to temptation, knowing they will be immune from legal action. One officer profited handsomely from selling made-to-order passports to London's criminal underworld. Another paid for his divorce by inventing a fictitious agent, sending Whitehall a steady stream of intelligence from this

**The author**

**Richard Tomlinson**  
First known only as T.

**Age:** 35.

**Looks:** Officially secret — allegedly tall, dark, and handsome.

**Education:** SAS and Cambridge University (first class honours in aeronautical engineering).

**Talents:** Nearest thing in real life to James Bond. Also accomplished in the art of cryptography — Special Branch asked him for help in decoding information on his personal computer.

**Served:** Undercover. Despite a gagging injunction, we can say he had a spell in Moscow checking up on Russian missile secrets and in Bosnia, where he met a Tory MP known to MI6 who was concerned about secret donations by Serb businessmen to the Tory party. One of his coups was to infiltrate a Middle Eastern chemical weapons procurement network.

The man who knew too much — Tomlinson looking out on Auckland harbour from his hotel room this week

PHOTOGRAPH: ROSS SETFORD

imaginary agent (which he had merely copied from the pages of the Economist) and then pocketing the agent's salary.

For many years MI5 and MI6 have avoided the streamlining that all other government departments have undergone by successfully arguing that detailed investigation by government spending committees would prejudice their operational security. The result is a management and budgetary structure which would provide a theme park for management consultants. Why keep MI5 and MI6 as separate agencies?

There is substantial overlap between the two services. Both keep large libraries which frequently each contain a file on the same individual, so a conscientious officer must trudge across to the sister service if he wishes to read both sets of files. There is often bitter fighting between the two agencies over who should have primacy over a particular target or operation.

Arbitrary ground rules are sometimes brokered between warring departments, and communication between MI5 and MI6 is desperately poor. Paperwork can take weeks to travel the few hundred yards over the Thames between Millbank and Vauxhall Cross. There is remarkably little cross-fertilisation of ideas, operational co-ordination or even socialising between the two. Indeed, when I spoke briefly by telephone to David Shayler the day before his arrest in Paris a fortnight ago for alleged breaches of the Official Secrets Act, I joked tongue-in-cheek that it was only the second occasion I had spoken to an MI5 officer.

Most MI6 officers have little idea how to manage a budget, and even less incentive to manage it well. There were many shocking cases of profligate waste of taxpayers' money. One department realised in February that it had only spent a fraction of page 14



# Is it time Oxbridge stopped handing out MA degrees?

## Yes No

**Alice Nutter**  
Singer with  
Chumbawamba



**Michael Winner**  
Film director  
and MA (Cantab)



**Dear Alice Nutter,**  
It's ludicrous that Professor Ivor Crewe MA (Oxon), vice chancellor of Essex University (wherever that is), should suggest that Oxbridge graduates should no longer be able to grab their master of arts degree two years after they got their BA (Cambridge), simply by writing in. Or in the case of Oxford, where money rules, by sending £10.

The Quality Assurance Agency — there's a stupid name — is concerned about the proliferation of masters titles. What business is it of theirs? I got mine. I had it hung, framed, in the toilet.

Then I took it out because I'd bought a paint-box and decided to colour in the Cambridge insignia. Professor Crewe should consider the same artistic endeavour, instead of trying to deprive future generations of what he already has. What is he suggesting? That we should actually work for our MAs? If Oxford and Cambridge wish to dish them out willy-nilly, hooray for eccentricity.

Ivor Crewe is a spoilsport. He should be demoted to GCSE Essex, failed. If he behaves well, he can up it to British Plumbing Certificate Grade Two after nine years. If he tries to abolish the right to that, God help him when his toilet breaks down.

Yours sincerely,  
Michael Winner,  
MA (Hons) Cantab

**Dear Michael Winner,**  
Attendance at Oxford or Cambridge can get you a job in the city, a foothold in government or a niche in the media, so it might as well supply you with an unworked-for MA as well. But let's not pretend that these MAs are just a whacky little eccentricity. Oxford and Cambridge help keep the class system running; free MAs are just another unearned privilege. Let's be up-front and give all public school boys an unearned Oxbridge degree for their 17th birthday.

Parents with kids whose names are down for Eton shouldn't worry about New Labour abolishing little Jasper's free MA — New Labour is all about defending privilege and how-towing to the rich: when the time comes Jasper will be able to

frame his unearned MA and hang it over the loo.

If you want visitors to see your credentials (while you appear blasé) stick them in the loo. And what a conversation piece! Free MAs. That should keep the dinner party rolling for at least five minutes. When that fails, you can always go back to boring them with snobby tales of how you can't get the bloody staff anymore.

Yours sincerely,  
Alice Nutter

**Dear Alice,**  
If you think that people at my dinner parties talk about the MA in the toilet, you greatly exaggerate the intelligence of my guests. It has never been mentioned. But I'm glad you appreciate how difficult it is to get good staff.

How our correspondence has turned towards New Labour defending power and privilege, I can't figure. Please tell me what your band did with the financial rewards from their recent, most-deserved success. Did you give them to the poor?

I don't think you could call an MA free, even if you studied for it as feebly as I did for three years. I am sure everyone knows its real worth — which isn't much. You have a very glamorous idea of things if you believe it can automatically get you a job in the city, a foothold in government or a niche in the media. I've found all my employers vastly unimpressed with it. I should have had you phone them first and put in a good word for Cambridge MAs.

I thought your letter was terrific. I laughed out loud. I do hope the next one cheers me up as much.

Yours sincerely,  
Michael

**Dear Mr Winner,**  
You're actually a reasonable fellow, and there was I under the misapprehension that you were a mean-spirited, self-obsessed, right-wing snob. You're just a cuddly teddy bear. I wouldn't be surprised if you invited me round to dinner.

Our correspondence turned towards New Labour protecting the interests of the rich because I didn't want you to worry about spoilsports taking your MA away.



Final relief... Oxford students finish exams, but is it right that their BAs automatically become MAs?

You were right when you pointed out that there's no such thing as a free degree: that's why the Campaign for Free Education keeps having rallies... only its fighting against tuition fees rather than for complimentary MAs.

If MAs are as useless as you claim, let's start a campaign to alert non-Oxbridge types to the dangers of studying. The fools don't know they're wasting years. We should tell them that anyone who is anyone knows that MAs are just loo decor. I'll wear the T-shirt, you bring the banner. Chumbawamba won't mind putting up a couple of quid to start the campaign.

Even after financing the anti-MA campaign, we'll still have enough dole left to pay band members a decent living wage, and give a percentage of our income away to insurrectionary causes. Giving to the poor and under-privileged is how Conservative ladies save their consciences. We don't believe in charity, just change.

Yours sincerely,  
Alice

**Dear Alice,**  
Cooper! I was going to write that you had completely won me over to agreeing New Labour were fascist gangsters in disguise, that insurrection was the answer, that

womanhood stood supreme in a world of morons. (I was going to add "PS: I suppose a fuck is out of the question.") But I can't do that because you come over as a reasonable and decent person, it might look chauvinistic and reactionary.

I agree with you about equal opportunities in education. I think it's a great pity when Clement Attlee reformed the system in the 1940s that the government of the day didn't insist that 50 per cent of students in public schools were chosen from the brightest available in what were known as the lower or poorer classes. That would have shaken everybody up.

Do you think that if students whose education has been paid for by the state become rich they should pay back their tuition fees? I do.

I'd like a Chumbawamba-Winner dinner, please. I'm sure I'd learn a great deal, and I mean that most genuinely.

Kindest regards,  
Michael

**Dear Michael,**  
(I feel I can call you Michael, we're so kisser-kisser now.) Don't fret about people thinking you reactionary. They used to think that, but now you're a grand old dame. I started this correspon-

dence with no respect for you as a person, for any of your opinions, for anything you've ever written or your films. I have to concede that you take criticism well. I feel as if I could slag you off forever.

It's inconvenient, but before you get to the MA stage, you have to go to school and then get a degree. I agree that what used to be called the lower or the poorer classes should get a crack at a decent education. It might not be feasible to get them all places at public schools, there doesn't seem to be one around here and some would probably want to live with their parents. The really odd ones would probably decline the compulsory beatings, sexual abuse, and skivvying for the older boys.

As you understand the importance of education (even for awkward little buggers) how about sending a few bob to the Campaign for Free Education? Don't think about it as charity, more as annoying the pants off Blair by funding an organisation which hates him.

Yours,  
Alice

PS: I can't do dinner. FPS: The address for the Campaign for Free Education is University of Huddersfield Students Union, Queens Gate, Huddersfield, HD1 3DH.

## Smallweed



The Institute of Directors and others eager to fight for the right of fat cats to pay themselves as much as they choose have been asking in plaintive terms why it is that society makes no complaint of the lavish sums earned by pop stars and footballers, yet whinges at the more modest rewards of captains of industry. Such people are far too intelligent to be unaware of the reason for that.

Pop stars and sporting heroes and heroines have to prove themselves repeatedly in front of the public. If they fail they are finished. You can find in the pages of Rothman's Football Yearbook examples of players at the top of the game a few seasons ago but now relegated to the third division or worse because they no longer delivered. There are countless examples of individuals and groups once big in the music industry but now playing the Roxy, Retford.

The public has no chance to judge the big names of business and industry anywhere near so closely, or to judge how far their success, if any, depends on their organisations and not just themselves. It must also have noted that some of the bulgiest wallets belong to organisations, especially privatised public utilities, which, in terms of performance, are Stan Collymore rather than Michael Owen; and that many make off with large compensatory sums even when they're adjudged to have failed.

If the IoD really wishes to pursue this comparison, I suggest it advises its members to institute customer referendums on boardroom salaries, giving the paying public the chance to express its views direct, just as it does on pop stars and sportsmen. If they knew the sums they awarded themselves required such endorsement, they would pitch them at levels modest enough to gain public approval.

Failing that, Smallweed's plan, so far inexplicably spurned by our new Industry Secretary, for fat cats to be forced to wear flashing signs advertising the extent of their greed, remains the only workable plan for shaming them.

The new Leader of the Lords, Baroness Jay, thinks that once the upper chamber has been reformed, its members should be known as MLs, and not by more flummery titles. Has she thought this proposal through? Where would it leave MPs? The title member of Parliament would clearly be anomalous for those in the Commons, since MLs would be elected members of Parliament too. Consistency would require us, I think, to designate them MCs, thus enabling them to pretend that they'd all won the Military Cross; or alternatively

that their services were available for introducing concerts, garden fêtes and bar mitzvahs. Perhaps MLC (member of the lower chamber) would be best for the Commons, with MUC (member of the upper chamber) reserved for their lordly muckers.

Laurie Johnson, who wrote the music for the new Avengers movie, unpempered but now seeping out in the suburbs, says he's now composed so much music that he sometimes needs to be told: this piece is by you. It's like having huge numbers of children, he says, and needing to be reminded of who they are. This comparison is not as fanciful as he may think. Frank Field, the controversial ex-welfare minister, recently recalled in some context or other the case of the hymn writer Sabine Baring Gould, the father of 16 children. "What a charming little girl!" he explained when approached at a party by a charming little girl. "And whose child are you?" To his horror she started to weep. "Yours, papa," she moaned through her sobs.

How thrilling to learn from the social pages that Major James Copinger-Symes is to marry Maria-Christina Perez de la Sala! Might Smallweed suggest that the happy couple now get in touch with Captain GME Hughes-Despointes and Miss Sophie Baile de Laperriere, whose forthcoming marriage was also promised recently, with a view to a game of tennis between the brides?

Though tennis is not his game, Smallweed would happily umpire, just for the pleasure of being able to call: "vantage, Mrs Perez de la Sala-Copinger-Symes"; and then, on the other side of "dence", "vantage, Mrs Baile de Laperriere-Hughes-Despointes".

Helen Wilkinson, once of Demos, exonerating her former partner Geoff Mullan from blame for her disillusion with New Labour, described him in the Guardian this week as "atypical of the culture I was critiquing". I have not seen critique used as a verb before and I hope not to see it again, even from Demos. Please.

Invited by the Daily Telegraph to comment on some Hardy-esque bone of contention causing excitement in Dorchester, Councillor John Antell said he couldn't do so because of the office he held. "Councillor Antell," the paper explained, "is Mayor of Dorchester, and a direct descendant of some of Hardy's characters." And there was poor simple Smallweed assuming all these years that Hardy had made them all up.

I know Blackpool begins with a B, but this is ridiculous. Against Manchester City last week they fielded a Banks, a Bryan, a Butler, a Bardsley, a Bent, a Blunt and a Bushell. We warn chairman Vicky Boysson and manager Nigel Worthington: it will take more than this to bring the great days of Stanley Matthews and Stanley Bortenson back to B-Bloomfield Road.

## Spies, lies and my feud with MI6



In the dock... Tomlinson at Bow Street last November

page 13 its annual budget. When it dawned that if all the money was not spent by April the budget for the following year would be slashed, the department spent the next two months feverishly devising and rehearsing a complicated paramilitary operation which had no chance of success and even less chance of being authorised.

The intelligence services have managed to get away with such shoddy practices for so long because they have carefully and successfully cultivated an air of mystique and importance to their work which is far removed from reality. SIS devotes considerable resources to lobbying its position in Whitehall, and has a specialist department whose role is to spin doctor the media by wining and dining favoured journalists and editors. As a result of this cam-

paign, many senior Whitehall officials, MPs, editors and even judges hold MI6 in awe without having any understanding of the reality of its abilities and activities.

The draconian, catch-all nature of the Official Secrets Act is also used to prolong this myth. There have been cases where people have been prosecuted under the Act for activities which most objective observers would regard as utterly anodyne, yet which were presented in court as having caused lasting damage to Britain's defence.

At my own trial last year, MI6 alleged that I had "endangered the lives of agents" and I received a 12-month sentence. In reality, the synopsis had been read by only one person, who had then left it to gather dust in a filing cabinet.

Such disproportionate punishments help to cultivate in the

minds of the public the myth that intelligence work is somehow of crucial importance to the fabric of the nation, whereas in reality it is not much more than a rather inefficient government news agency.

And then there's the Official Secrets Act itself. It makes no distinction between revelations which are genuinely sensitive and those which are firmly in the public interest. Despite Britain's supposed commitment to free speech, I have been forced to move to New Zealand in order to publicly criticise a small part of our government.

So what is to be done? The intelligence service needs an overhaul, starting from the top. Let's replace the Joint Intelligence Committee — a crusty, self-serving old-boy network of admirals, generals and civil servants — with a Parliamentary sub-committee, so that intelligence targets, priorities and bud-

gets are all controlled through the normal democratic process. Such systems are used to control the intelligence services of America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand without prejudicing in any way national or operational security.

Next, MI5 and MI6 should be streamlined into one organisation, directly accountable to that sub-committee. The head of this new agency should be held directly responsible for any failures within the agency. He or she should preferably be appointed from outside the intelligence service so that the inbred complacency of current senior officers is swept aside.

Finally, the Official Secrets Act should be reformed so that it protects the identities of agents and ongoing operations, but allows open inquiry into issues of legitimate public interest. Breaches of this new Act should be punishable in proportion to the direct consequences of the offence, not according to fanciful speculation about the potential consequences of the leak. And Public Interest Immunity Certificates should be permanently banned.

These reforms would quickly end all the errors, abuses of power, inefficiency and corruption which are currently endemic in our intelligence services. They would also put an end to the need for people like David Shayler and myself: whistleblowers who feel they have no legal channels through which to raise very real fears about what MI5 and MI6 are up to. In any case, with open and demystified services, nobody would pay future whistleblowers the slightest bit of attention.

IN THE END I learnt how to survive the Belmarsh Prison regime. I chose to spend my two hours of "work" a day in the computer labs

where I could write personal letters or design posters for the prison to publicise new regulations or educational courses.

We also had an hour's exercise. I trained ferociously on the rowing machine in the prison gym — it was the best therapy I found for the pent-up anger and frustration. I became fanatical about it, trying each day to break the previous day's record. It was my only means of salvaging any sense of purpose or achievement out of those six barren months in jail. (By the end of my sentence I had broken the prison service record.)

I don't look back on my time in jail now with anger or resentment. I broke the law, and paid the penalty. However, I do still resent the fact that MI6 officers lied to justify my dismissal, then used the Official Secrets Act to cover their dishonesty. Rather than question the judgement and integrity of the service itself, they chose the cowardly option of pursuing a case against me — a move symptomatic, in my view, of the malaise of complacency at the heart of the service.

Today, I'm still nursing a broken rib from my arrest in Paris. I have yet to recover my computer equipment seized by the French police and by the authorities here in New Zealand after my room was searched. And with injunctions hanging over me seemingly wherever I go, my future looks uncertain. I hope that the British Government would have learnt from the extraordinary blunders and heavy-handed actions against me, but judging from past behaviour I fear this story is far from over.

The Guardian has not paid Richard Tomlinson for this article. At his request we are making a donation to the charity, Liberty (formerly the National Council for Civil Liberties).

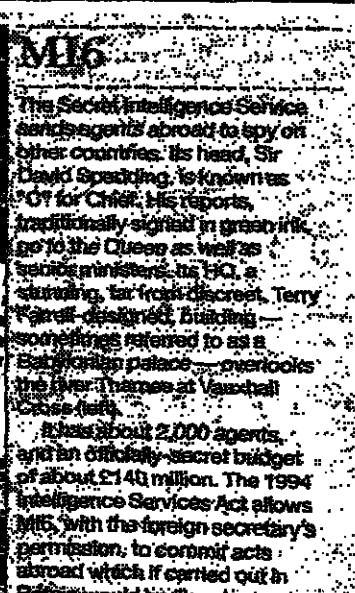


MI6

The Security Service was set up to counter the activities of foreign spies in Britain. It has carried its attention to the potential, however small, of a security threat from the present Home Secretary, Jack Straw. MI6 recently has switched resources to counter the threat to Britain and the world from the present Home Secretary, Jack Straw. MI6 recently has switched resources to counter the threat to Britain and the world from the present Home Secretary, Jack Straw.

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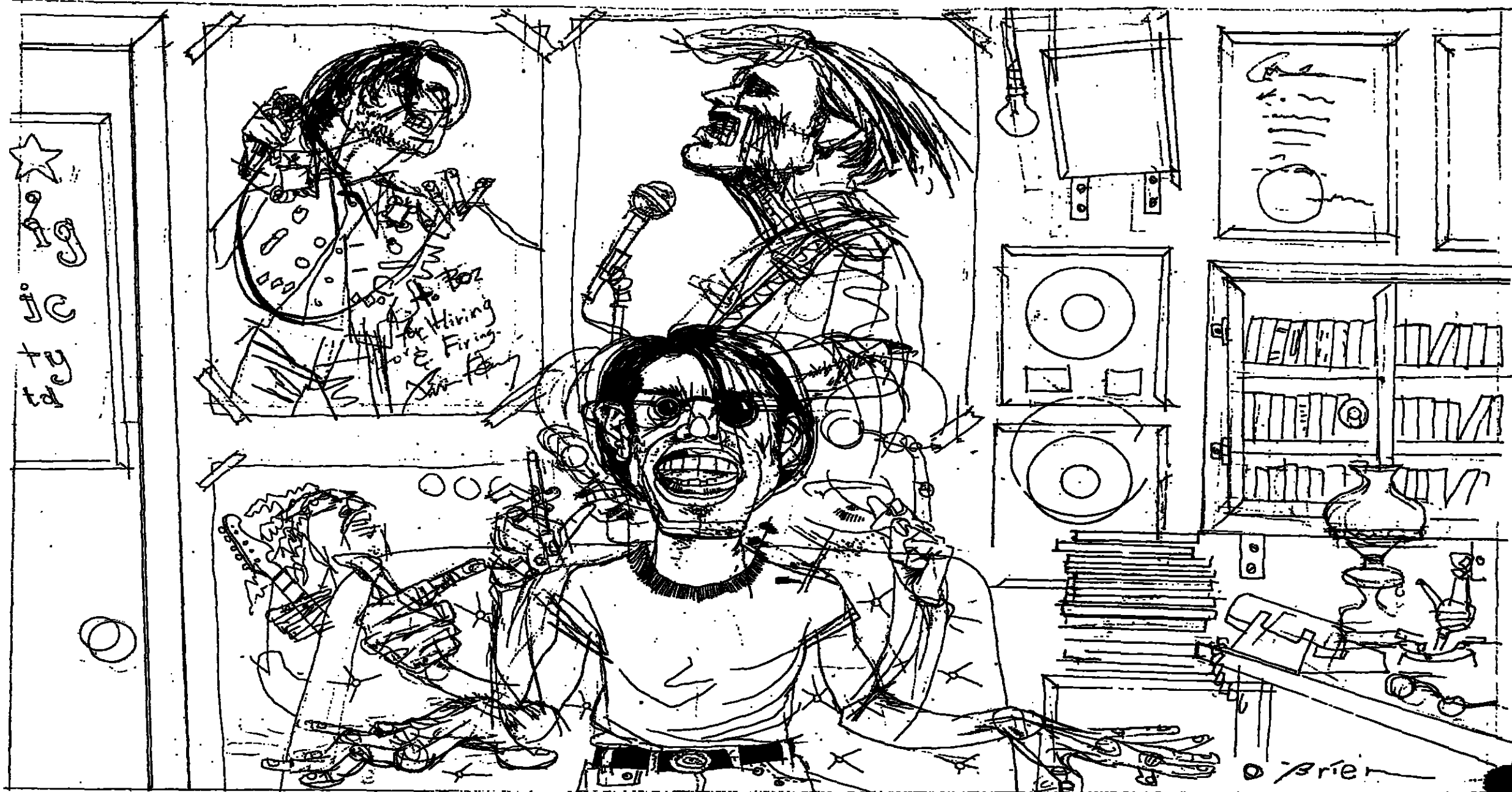
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# Me, You, and a Dog Named Boo

What happens when a Yorkshire poet ventures into London's pop world? **Simon Armitage** is rocked by it and, right, bemused by another culture clash

**Y**ou go to A&M Records to see them about writing some songs. They've been along, incognito, to one of your readings, and reckon you're the right man to "put lyrics back into lyrics". You get a taxi from King's Cross, thinking that the address must be close by, thinking that Sting and Chris de Burgh wouldn't want to go hacking around south London to sign contracts and pick up lorry-loads of cash. But you're practically in Portsmouth by the time you get there, somewhere near Putney Bridge.

The Irish girl at reception juggles telephones and flirts with two men in plastic trousers leaning over the desk, speaking a sort of transatlantic cockney. A motor-cycle courier comes in with one letter in his leather glove, stands there for five minutes without lifting his visor, then eventually tosses the letter into a wicker basket and leaves.

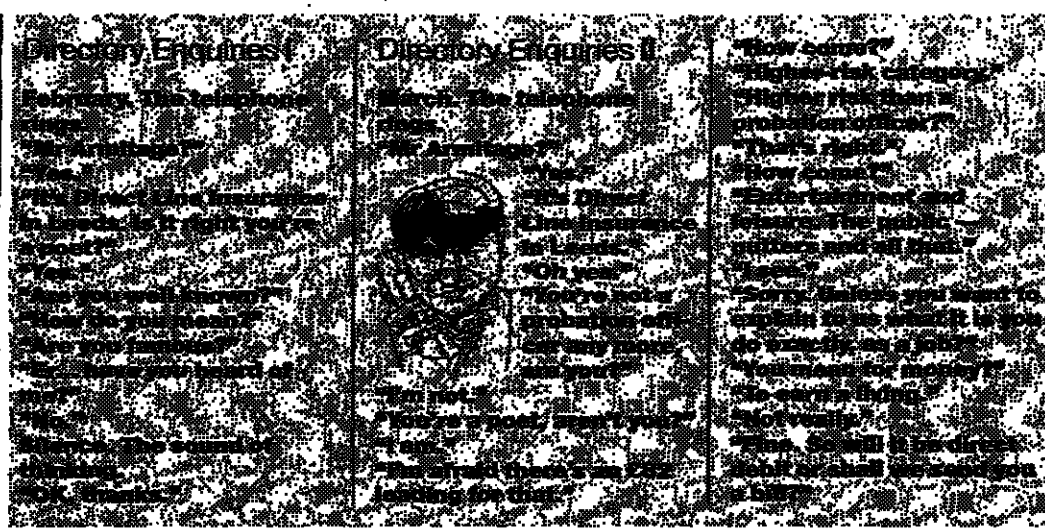
It's become pretty clear by now

that unless you suddenly rip off your mask and reveal yourself to be David Bowie, you're going to have to make something happen. But at the same time you don't want her to think that you're some creepy no-hoper with two dozen demo tapes in a carrier bag and a thousand more in the wardrobe at home.

You mumble something to her about the man you've come to see (you call him Bosman, even though you know this is a Belgian footballer and not his name), and after another five minutes or so she announces over the tannoy that "Mike Armitage is in reception."

You think that she's confused you with the former England cricket captain, but still managed to get it wrong. Not long afterwards, she leans over the desk and says, "Steven, you can go upstairs and meet the man."

You sit on a blue settee, next to another blue settee at right angles. In a quiet moment, you stroll over to the far side of "the man's" office to look at a photograph of the



Nastase, which turns out to be Bryan Ferry at his most unshaven. In the bottom corner, he's written "Boz - for hiring and firing!" When Boz walks in, he's tall, good-looking, Turkish maybe but ultimately Californian, whatever that means. He's wearing jeans and a plain T-shirt, which you take as a reasonably good sign, and he slides on to the other settee, so you have to turn inwards to look at him. This makes your trouser leg ride up above the top of your sock, offering him a couple of inches of white hairy skin.

Twenty minutes later, you still haven't said hello, and Boz is halfway through his career portfolio to date, beginning somewhere in the seventies during the oil crisis, through Silicon Valley and the computer explosion of the eighties, and eventually to this

two-sofa office on the New King's Road. The gist of it is that he's either made a big splash or saved an industry from certain death every time he's put his mind to it, then jumped ship whenever he's sensed a gap in the market or a business opportunity.

You're just about to ask your first question when he begins his second monologue - a lecture on pop music - beginning in 1977 with the extinction of the Rock 'n' Roll Dinosaur. A picture of a long-haired, leather-jacketed Bryan Adams sneers from the wall.

Even though Boz only comes up for air between paragraphs, you can tell that you make him nervous, and he begins stretching his vocabulary beyond its operational capabilities. At one point, he finds himself speaking about "maximal infusions". Five

minutes further on, he's talking about "vibrators" as though it were something a lumberjack might shout, and looks quickly over to you for advice on pronunciation.

For some reason, you don't seem able to help him, and give him a well-what's-a-bit-of-pronunciation-between-us-blokes look. Reassured, he carries on towards the other reaches of the English language.

You're probably embarrassed that he feels he has to speak to you as if you're Andrew Marvell. At the same time you're annoyed, in the way that geography graduates are annoyed when someone asks them, "So what's the capital of Outer Mongolia, then?" or the way that psychologists are annoyed when accused of analysing people.

You're also pissed off with him for saying so many things that you

disagree with, and pissed off with yourself for agreeing with him. You can see yourself from where the two Bryans look out from their photographs, nodding like a toy dog.

"And then in 1984..." you hear him saying, while someone in the next office picks up a guitar and murders the first three chords of Teenage Kicks.

"So what did you study?" he asks you, noticing that you're drifting out of orbit. "Geography, then psychology," you tell him, expecting your next two answers to be "Ulan Bator" and "Would I do that?" But there's obviously no time for idle chit-chat, and pretty soon he's well into his definition of "the pop lyric" - what it is and what it isn't, and how you might fit into the scheme of things.

What it is, apparently, is the unhygienic, barely noticeable juxtaposition of opposites, such as bitter and sweet, happy and sad. That's all there is to it. What it isn't, apparently, is "Me, you, and a dog named Boo." He uses this example several times, to the point where you begin to think how catchy it is, how the barely noticeable juxtaposition of its opposites brings about a kind of bitter/sweet, happy/sad sort of effect.

As you're thinking all this, you're hypnotised by the way he moves to the sound of his own voice, or the way he gives physical expression to his own words by use of his hands, mainly to explain musical terms as he understands them. "Syncope", for example, is a kind of two-handed separation, the kind that would cause a squeeze-box to draw breath, or a

technique for the stretching of dough during bread-making. "Harmony" is both hands flat out in front, rising and falling like the levels of a graphic equaliser, and "melody" is one finger drawing the troughs and peaks of a cable strung out along telegraph poles.

During this simultaneous signing (you begin wondering if he has to deal with a lot of deaf people) Boz explains that many of his new acts, while being completely computer literate and speaking music as a first language, when it comes to words and meaning are somewhat... "Challenged?" you suggest. "Challenged. Exactly."

It therefore follows, apparently, that if they could knock out a few verses to go with them. Before you know what you're doing, you're nodding in agreement again, and Ferry and Adams are snickering at each other across the room. "Of course, I'm sure that writing lyrics will be just the same as writing poetry, only different," says the man. "Like walking with the other hand," says you. "Oh, if it was going to be that difficult we wouldn't be asking you to do it," says he, and a minute later you're back out on the New King's Road in the rain, looking for the tube station.

You know for a fact that nothing will come of this, and you guess Boz knows it too. You're soaked to the skin, and a 20-quid taxi ride down on the deal already.

© Simon Armitage. This is an extract from *At Points North*, published by Viking on August 27 at £14.99. To order a copy at the special discount price of £12.99 call the Guardian CultureShop on telephone 0500 800102.

## The ultimate phallusy



As Bill Clinton prepares to testify, **Barbara Ehrenreich**, left, reflects on the threat to US virility

**I**f there's anything more repulsive than the presidential sex investigation, it's the protestations of the media folks who feed off it. As we approach the day - Monday, August 17 - when President Clinton is to testify before the grand jury investigating his alleged affair with Monica Lewinsky, pundits of all political stripes are competing to see who can yell "Yuck!" the loudest.

The consensus is that the scandal has done irreparable damage to the "dignity of the office of president," possibly to our military readiness, and certainly to the dig-

nity of the press. Keith Olbermann, the owlish young fellow who hosts a cable show devoted entirely to the smutty subject of the "White House in Crisis," has publicly confessed that: "There are days now when my line of work makes me ashamed, makes me depressed, makes me cry."

The easy explanation for all this weeping and gnashing of teeth would be that Americans, media types included, have a problem with sex. Surf around on American cable TV, and you will find numerous channels named XXX-otic or XXX-tasy, while, only a few clicks of

the remote away, televangelists rail piteously against the demon lust. A couple of weeks ago on the all-Christian Trinity Broadcasting Network, a Pastor Lester worked himself into a lather describing the jeezels who seek to tempt even men of the cloth: "And they CLEAN their bodies. And they per-FUME their flesh..." Then, lapsing into tongues, he delivered what may be the ultimate American statement on matters of an erotic nature: "Bubba wubba nikki-tanny foolosa tay!"

Or perhaps it is the kind of sex the President is alleged to have indulged in that so offends the men and women of the press. Those who imagine that America is a sexually advanced society should note that 20 states still have laws proscribing "sodomy" - which, in the United States, includes oral sex - and in 15 of them the proscription extends to sodomous enterprises undertaken by consenting heterosexual adults.

It would be nice to report that the President has campaigned tirelessly

for the repeal of these laws, and for a more tolerant outlook in general, but that of course would have conflicted with his "family values" image. As a result, his adventures are far less palatable than if he had merely begotten a few out-of-wedlock children to brighten up the White House now that Chelsea has gone. Instead, he chose to spill his seed on Monica's cocktail dress and who-knows-what other nearby fabrics and items of Oval Office furniture. For law-abiding and God-fearing Americans, such activities pose much more than a dry-cleaning problem.

But sexual puritanism cannot be the only explanation for the media elites' professed dismay. The same people who are now beating their chests over the necessity of discussing the alleged sordid events in the Oval Office never shrank in the past from reporting on the rape-murder of a seven-year-old beauty queen or the erotic adventures of QJ's dead ex-wife.

We are not talking about the kind of people who readily blush. If they are as offended as they pretend to be, then some primal taboo has been breached - something even more deep-rooted and disquieting than sex. What could that be? From a psychoanalytic perspective, the answer is clear: the prolonged Clinton sex crisis forces everyone to acknowledge that the President has a penis. And this is something that, in the interests of national security and patriotic self-esteem, the public is better off not knowing, or at least not dwelling upon.

There have been other times, of course, when a president has revealed too much of his physical being. LBJ had his gall bladder operation scar, which he delighted in showing off to photographers. Ronald Reagan had his rectal polyps, which - at least in diagram form - were solemnly displayed in the newspapers.

Nor is this the first time the subject of the penis itself has arisen in mainstream media discourse. The word was first uttered on newscasts four years ago, to describe Lorena Bobbitt's amateur surgery on her husband. More covert references have abounded throughout the 1990s: we recall Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas's attempts to interest Anita Hill in a literary character named "Long Dong Silver". We note the ubiquity of the cliché that "size matters" in coy allusion to the size of you-know-what. Then came *Viagra*, with celebrities like Hugh Hefner and Elizabeth Dole publicly gushing about its miraculous effect on the target organ.

So we knew that presidents have bodies, and we knew that some bodies have penises, but no one really put these facts together until 1993, when Paula Jones showed up to allege that she had actually seen the presidential member in the flesh. Her further claim, that it bears "distinguishing marks," served to plant that organ firmly in the national consciousness: what kind of marks - Satanic ones, or perhaps tattoos? And would photographs be displayed in court?

Next, Monica Lewinsky confessed to having intimate contact with the same, and preserving some of its emissions on her garments, and this has opened up whole new lines of speculation: will a presidential semen sample be required for comparison, and if so, which stilet or supermodel will be enlisted to extract it?

There is a deep reason why the terms "president" and "penis" rest so uneasily together in the mind, and it is only tangentially related to sex. The penis - to a put a feminist twist on Freud - is just another phallic symbol, with "the phallus," in psychoanalytic jargon, standing for power. Now the President of the United States is of course the most powerful individual on Earth - commander of nuclear missiles and submarines, bomber of Baghdad, destroyer of nations. He is, in other words, the ultimate phallic symbol, perhaps the very phallus itself. So what does it mean when we are

constantly distracted from his imperial majesty - that is, his role as a phallus - to his literal penis?

Here perhaps the enigmatic French theorist Jacques Lacan, so beloved of the postmodernist academics, can be of some help. In one of his few sentences that can be rendered into intelligible English, he has stated that the phallus "can play its role only when veiled". Lacan does not explain exactly what happens when you strip away the veil and reveal the phallus's connection to the physical penis, but we can guess: all its mystical potency is lost. You are left with a prick, a ding-a-ling.

It could be argued that Clinton has undermined the dignity of the office of president in far more important ways; for example, by using that office solely as a base for his unending fundraising efforts. It could be further argued that the real way he has demeaned the nation is by leaving it without national health insurance or a livable minimum wage, or public schools that provide shelter from the rain.

But the absence of a presidential program, or mission, or vision, has never bothered our pundits. What torments them is fear that, as the Lewinsky business rolls on, someone, somewhere (perhaps a 10-year-old child in some long-forgotten third world country) will cry, "Look, the Emperor's got no trousers!" Then the littering will begin, growing into a hearty roar, as billions of fingers point toward Washington DC and billions of voices raise the question: "Is that all?"



# books

**David Thomson** looks at what Stanley Kubrick's films hide from us

## Eyes wide open

**Stanley Kubrick**  
by Vincent LoBrutto  
579pp, Faber and Faber, £14.99

**S**tanley Kubrick turned 70 just a couple of weeks ago, and it is possible that within another year he will deliver himself of his latest movie (the 11th by his count), *Eyes Wide Shut*. That would mean that this compulsively cinematic mind had taken 11 years to make a picture — for his last film, *Full Metal Jacket*, opened in 1987.

The lavish, pondering interval between works, the isolation from the world that he has practised, and his ability to get Warner Brothers to fund anything he wants to do — without being told very much about the project — are all part of the puzzle. Does Kubrick make movies still, or police the dark obelisk of his myth? Has he needed to make Barry Lyndon, *The Shining* or *Full Metal Jacket* — all of which have had marks of fresher burn about them — or has he made them to manifest his control, his eminence and the state of Overlook (the hotel in *The Shining*) from which he balefully contemplates the world?

The questions abound. Why does the kid from Brooklyn elect to live near St Albans? How is it that one of the great visionaries of flight (in 2001) can scarcely trust himself to an aircraft? And how can we be sure that Kubrick has actually stopped filming on *Eyes Wide Shut*, which seemed like a relatively "small" project? Are we dealing here with one of the greatest of film-makers, or with a meticulous and beautiful netherworld that illustrates how easily the lack of character, depth and ironic, creative intelligence may be masked by the chronic expertise of "great cinema"?

Vincent LoBrutto's very worthwhile biography is not the most recent study of Kubrick: for whereas it was published in America first, two years ago, John Baxter's book was first published in 1997. But LoBrutto has no rival for diligent research: he is indefatigable in tracking down the assignments Kubrick had as a young photographer on *Look* magazine, and he supplies the most thorough account of the technical labour and magic on films like 2001. Against that, Toba Metz, Kubrick's high-school sweetheart and first wife, gets maybe half-a-dozen mentions, none of which goes beyond her being born, there

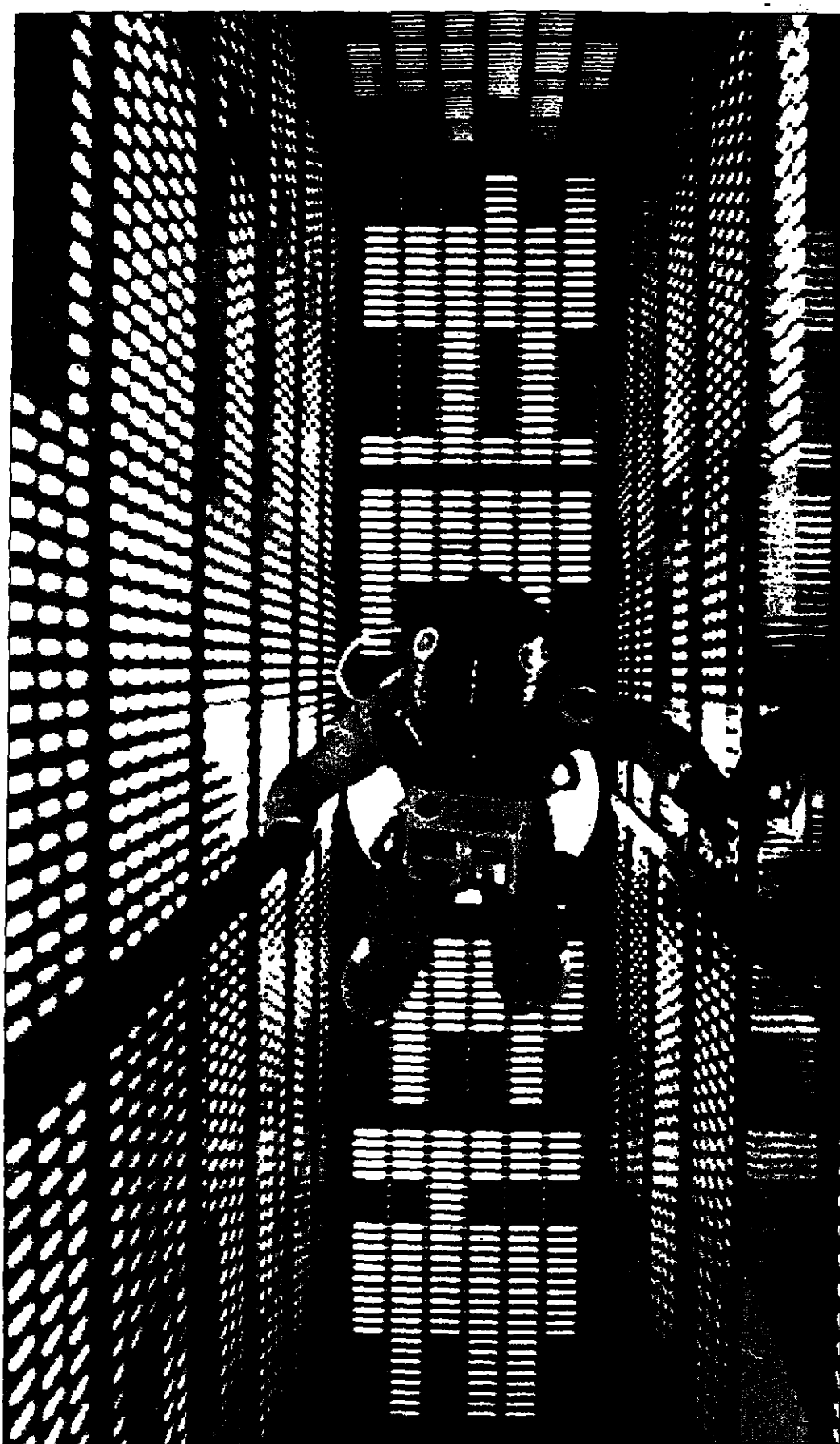
for Stanley, and then dropped by him. Later wives fare little better. Yet LoBrutto claims that in four years' work on the book, he saw "the myth crossfade into the man" and that is what he hopes to share with us.

A surface portrait emerges: a pale, shabbily dressed man with burning eyes and few social graces; an obsessive technician, and a still photographer from childhood onwards; a controlling, manipulative personality, rather withdrawn, an endlessly patient but not very communicative director; and someone who seems able to impose a pact of silence on those close to him. Which means that this book has been done without benefit of Stanley, or family members.

Co-workers are a different matter. They seem driven to talk, for many of them feel they have never met anyone as commanding, complex or difficult. Not many actually talk about what the movies mean, but time and again they fix on the paradoxes of Stanley Kubrick. Thus, George C Scott (General Turgidson from *Dr Strangelove*) says: "He's an incredibly, depressingly serious man, with this wild sense of humour." While Malcolm McDowell (Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*) says: "He's a genius, but his humour's black as charcoal. I wonder about his... humanity."

Conventionally, we may balk at that — is it possible for a genius to lack humanity, and so on? But maybe the most interesting and decisive observation about Kubrick the film-maker or artist should concern his steady drift away from sentiment and human concerns, towards a perspective stunned by fate, metaphysics and the black comedy of our place in the universe.

LoBrutto is very good at showing us Kubrick as the intense planner of his films. They are filled with advance thought and painstaking assembly — yet those very qualities also make for a kind of claustrophobia in which the protagonists find themselves locked in blind mazes, deep space and the chess board of human absurdity. Gilbert Adair once observed that 2001 had everything except a sense of space, spaciousness or liberty: that the further out Kubrick went the more he favoured such airless containers as that weird 18th-century motel room. That principle of confounding imprisonment, I think, applies to so much of Kubrick. He loves movement, and camera movement; but he does not believe in



Let me out of here... trapped in the spaces of Kubrick's 2001

exercise or escape.

It's there in his first real film, *The Killing* (there were earlier pictures, arty, rather pretentious and so awkward that Kubrick has preferred to disown them), in which the plan to rob a racetrack becomes a neurotic enclosure (in terms of both space and narrative repetition) for the forlorn thieves. You can see and feel it in *Paths of Glory* (his breakthrough, and part of Kubrick's early, turbulent but very useful partnership with Kirk Douglas), where the space of no man's land (shown in gorgeous tracking shots) is an illusion and a prelude to the cruel plot of court martial awaiting three scapegoats. The determinism is as heavy as the smell of death.

**T**here's a mounting dismay in the films of the next decade in which Kubrick made his move from the US to England, left no doubt about either his ambition or his prowess, yet constantly posed the dilemma of a "great" director of big themes who is not his own writer. *Lolita* was reckoned to be a bold, sardonic shot at an unfilmable book: it had Nabokov on board, and it often gets close to

the master's tone. *Dr Strangelove* was pioneering satire. 2001 seemed so mysterious in the drug-ridden theatres of 1968 that it was given the benefit of every doubt and allowed to be "heavy". And *A Clockwork Orange* is one of those films — about violence, decency and hypocrisy — that many people wish they'd never seen.

*Lolita* lacked real sex or outrage, let alone the feel of the American road. But it is a plangent, pained example of the dreamy plan that goes wrong. The other three are unmistakable big films that address all of mankind (if not womankind) — Kubrick has blind spots). Yet they are also closed boxes in which real hope, wonder or doubt are foreclosed by the austere, jewelled refinement. Their human characters are so cartoonish, or stripped, that it has become axiomatic that HAL, the computer, is the most intriguing figure in 2001. (Moreover, Kubrick has had a project, *AI*, that seems to fix on artificial intelligence.) Does wayward human intelligence and instinct frighten Kubrick? That's what one feels in the very powerful *Clockwork Orange*, a film so disturbing or dangerous that Kubrick has had it banned in the one territory he controls — that of Britain.

The later films — Barry Lyndon, *The Shining* and *Full Metal Jacket* — are formally ravishing, yet so beautifully made that sometimes the thinness of subject seems exposed. They raise the question of whether Kubrick still has passion for his craft — let alone for us. Biography on these terms can only go so far, and LoBrutto is loyal to the talent and late promise of Kubrick. A more sceptical approach might have cross-examined these later films.

For myself, I find *The Shining* — an adaptation from Stephen King — increasingly interesting as a possible self-portrait by Kubrick; about a would-be writer, who needs his Overlook to be himself, but who then finds that the awesome container only brings out his demon. Who knows? Kubrick is far from done yet. Meanwhile, this is a good, helpful book, the fullest on Kubrick yet, and one that sets us up for *Eyes Wide Shut*. It is stirring to think that another message may be coming from his great retreat.

To order a copy of *Stanley Kubrick* at the discount price of £12.99 (plus 99p postage), call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0200 600102. David Thomson's most recent book is *Beneath the Veil* (Little, Brown, £20).

Are there enough hours in the day? **Sean O'Brien** listens to the tick-tock of his patience running out

## Time for the words

**The Calendar**  
by David Ewing Duncan  
360pp, Fourth Estate, £12.99

**I**n the wake of *Longitude* and *Fermat's Last Theorem*, *The Calendar* is another attractively packaged attempt to sell *History of Science* to the general reader. David Ewing Duncan's book is vast in scale. It moves from Cro-Magnon bone calendars based on observation of the heavens to the caesium-fuelled clocks of the present by Coordinated Universal Time, via Central America, India, Jaxxow, Baghdad and Rome. Among those intervening in the calendar and the understanding of time are Julius Caesar, who reorganised the year with customary ruthlessness, as well as numerous Popes, Kings and Holy Roman Emperors and — at the bottom of the pile, trying to draw the attention of the powers that be — astronomers and thinkers such as Roger Bacon and Copernicus.

*The Calendar* is necessarily a political and religious as well as a scientific history. We learn as much from it about resistance to knowledge and fear of its propagation as about the urge to enlightenment. What interest had the Church in the calendar? It was partly a matter of possession, and the maintenance of doctrine, partly of standardising the calculation of the date of Easter, the most important feast of the year. Thus the calendar comes to symbolise the struggles of faith with science.

The modern secular reader, sharing Larkin's sense that "our element is time", can gain a sense of this conflict from this quotation from Augustine of Hippo, which asserts the authority of God's time over the world's: "Try as they may to savour the taste of eternity, their thoughts still twist and turn upon the ebb and flow of things in past and future time. But if only [people's] minds could be seized and held steady, they would be still for a while and, for the short moment, they would glimpse the splendour of eternity, which is forever still."

This is a book with noble aims. It narrates and explains the varied and absorbing history of a device which it is ordinarily tempting to regard as a mere part of the world's furniture rather than something which had to be devised and improved upon. The challenge presented by the search for an accurate calendar was fundamental to scientific progress. It exercised and deflected the talents of the greatest astronomers and mathematicians of several eras and civilisations as they attempted to explain and arrest the growing gap between the time measured by humans and that displayed in the heavens. It tested the authority of the Catholic Church and the modernity of Protestantism. When the Gregorian calendar, a reasonably accurate compromise, was introduced in the 1580s it was viewed with the gravest suspicion by Protestant nations — less on scientific grounds than because it originated in Rome.

England resisted change until 1753, belatedly dropping 10 days from the calendar, an act which provoked loud protests. The legislation was driven through by Lord Chesterfield, who confessed to his son that where astronomy and mathematics were concerned, his

vast ignorance was fortunately outweighed by that of the Lords, who thought he knew what he was talking about.

More largely the measurement and accurate subdivision of time, it is suggested, provides a template for capitalism. Time also issues an equally seductive challenge to the wish for other kinds of order — and Duncan has kind words for the Calendar of Reason devised following the French Revolution.

How could such a book go wrong? The problem with *The Calendar* is not the factual material. It is the language, which veers from the unhappy to the farcical by way of the inept, lending weight to the suspicion that many books these days receive little editorial attention. There are compensations. It is good to know that Whitty's (or was) near Zork (sic, though misprints afflict everyone) and intriguing to come across the inadvertent suggestion that the Venetian Bedes observations with a sundial were the more remarkable given that England in the Dark Ages was, well, dark. But having cackled at the information that Cleopatra was "erotic", and heard the famous Roman General referred to as "Pompey for short", and learned that one of the greatest reformers of the calendar operated under the spectacular burden of coming "from the toe of Italy", the reader may begin to experience certain reservations. This is likely to be exacerbated by Duncan's continual difficulties with noun-verb agreement and his gift for jaw-dropping redundancies: at one point we learn that parrots are pussed; elsewhere we learn of a "massive Renaissance". Then there are the winning vignettes of How It Must Have Been, in which the all-male cast are found crouching on hillsides in states of speculative wonder, a bit like Keats's stout Cortez but rather more like Captain Kirk.

**T**hree hundred and sixty pages is a long time to spend in the presence of the nudging, humourless brightness which is Duncan's pervasive manner. After a while it feels like being trapped in a dentist's waiting-room with the monstrous offspring of *National Geographic*, *Reader's Digest* and *Hello! People* in Duncan's American version of the world "eyeball" the skies, "head up" Papal commissions and — if they are early monks — neither think deeply, nor, Duncan gravely instructs us, write very well. The continual striking of the wrong tone, the intermittent tendency to patronise history for being historical and the dead for being dead — these cannot be meant to give offence: anyone aware of doing such things would desist. Duncan's intentions are good, but he reveals a world-blindness which probably thinks of itself as democratic in spirit.

Chamnesia doesn't prevent his own wonderment reaching us from time to time (as in his account of early Indian mathematics). In the end, though, his failure to notice the disparity between the size of his theme and the calibre of his writing will make some readers very angry. And on a practical level — *The Calendar* is clearly meant to be a popular work — it seems unlikely that readers untroubled by such flaws would bother with a book which is, after all, full of dead guys in old places.

Watch out, there's a Gonzo cartoonist about. **Steve Bell** on the genius of Ralph Steadman

## Nothing his nibs won't get up to

**Gonzo: The Art**  
by Ralph Steadman  
208pp, Weidenfeld, £25

**W**here does one begin to talk about an elemental force in world cartooning? In what I presume to be a free-associating and fantastical description of his own birth at the start of this chunky volume, he attributes the words "Gonzo Puro!" to an Italian orderly, Giuseppe Gonzaga, on to whose hand the brand new infant Steadman has just sat.

Ralph Steadman, 62, is a Welsh cartoonist. He loves to let things run, especially ink. Just chuck yourself in the deadly flow

*Ignoring everything you know And you will find your doodah if you try*

I've always tended more to the conspiratorial approach, cautious, circumspect, conscious of the fact that ink, paper and nibs are expensive and ought not to be wasted. I worry about things like that.

Ralph Steadman is also a worrier, but what he worries is his materials. I once went into Philip Poole's (the only place I know where you can still buy a wide variety of nibs) shortly after Steadman had been in to visit. With hushed reverence, the proprietor showed me where the great man had been trying out new nibs. It was a scene of utter devastation. I felt genuine pity for those nibs.

But what results. There is much in this book that is utterly beautiful, delicious, and splendid. No one else can do the things with ink and imagery that Steadman can. What he depicts is visceral, angry, alienated, squalid, dirty and often deranged, but that's just his style. When his work is well reproduced, as it frequently is in this book, the effect is sumptuous.

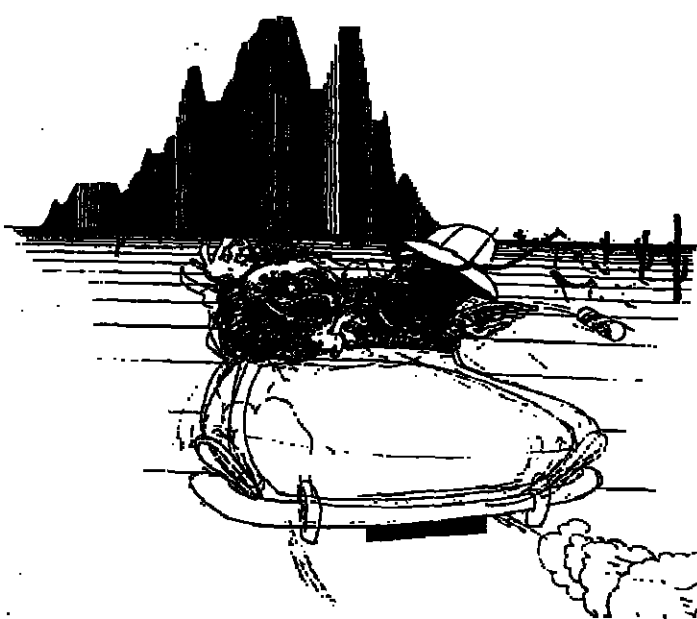
But what is Gonzo? According to Steadman, "the quintessential gonzo image contains everything from wild drug-induced horror to physical violence and excess, while also being funny". Gonzo as we know it stems from his association with the writer Hunter S Thompson, which began when they covered the Kentucky Derby for *Scanlan's Monthly* magazine

in 1970. Steadman drew constantly and without compunction or restraint, to Thompson's mounting horror, the hideous local characters, including Thompson's own relatives, right in front of their own eyes. This sort of behaviour was clearly dangerous, but this in no way deterred our Ralph. He has a kind of berserk innocence which fitted perfectly with Thompson's drug-hardened ravings. Their collaboration led to *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, which turned out to be a massive bestseller.

Now all cartoonists can cherish the notion of being sent on a Gonzo assignment. I myself dream of being summoned to cover the Chelsea Flower Show in company with Hugo Young and a wheelbar-

row full of dangerous chemicals. However, it turns out that Steadman never actually accompanied Thompson on his trip to Las Vegas, and anyway, how could anyone repeat such stupendous feats of indulgence as depicted in *Fear and Loathing*?

Ralph Steadman now claims to have given up drawing politicians and says he will henceforth show only their legs, since this is more disrespectful. This is clearly claptrap, because if there's no point in glorifying their faces there's even less point in glorifying their legs. Still, that's not the point, and politics isn't really the point with Ralph Steadman's work. It's the stuff on the paper; it's shit, but in the very best possible sense of the word.



Gonzoland... a cartoon from *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*





Upstream of war... in an age of 'optimism and recovery'

PHOTOGRAPH MAGNUM

One Nam thing after another? Lucretia Stewart sees Vietnam live in hope of recovery

## After the American war

**Shadows and Wind: A View of Modern Vietnam**  
by Robert Templer  
394pp, Little, Brown, £18.99

**T**he Vietnam War ended more than 20 years ago but that hasn't stopped dozens of gonzo journalists indulging themselves with time-warped fantasies about Vietnam. If we are to believe most of what has been published recently about that country, the war (which the Vietnamese refer to as the 'American' war) ended yesterday and was more interesting — and more fun — than any other period in Vietnamese history. For many writers, Nam is a state of

mind and, as Templer writes, 'the importance attached to Vietnam by its recent history has if anything hindered a richer understanding of the country and its people'.

But *Shadows and Wind* looks set to buck the trend. Templer spent three years in Vietnam as a journalist for *Agence France Presse*, arriving just one week after the United States lifted its economic embargo. He must have worked like a dog every minute of the day while he was there and the result is a meticulous and fascinating investigation into the reality of life in contemporary Vietnam at a time of 'optimism and recovery'.

Templer examines every facet of Vietnamese life from food to literature to AIDS and an emerging youth

culture with an assurance that belies his youth (he is only 32) and the relatively short time he spent there. He confidently challenges such experts as Stanley Karnow and Frances Fitzgerald, author of *Fire in the Lake*, which was and is widely regarded as seminal and remains in print 25 years after its first publication. It is to his credit that he mounts a convincing challenge without sounding mean-spirited or petty — his rapid-fire attacks on lesser writers are no less pointed.

Although *Shadows and Wind* is a serious, scholarly book, it has its lighter moments. In an early chapter entitled 'Imagining Vietnam' which begins, alluringly, with the words 'Larry Hillblom was in love', Templer describes the Amer-

ican tycoon's 1990 romance with the hill station of Dalat — which was where colonials suffering from TB or simply the heat of Saigon would go to rest up in the twenties and thirties. Hillblom pumped \$40 million into renovating the Dalat Palace Hotel, a wonderful thirties extravaganza. But he was killed in a plane crash near the Pacific island of Saipan, his body was never found and his dream hotel now languishes, virtually unoccupied.

Many of the anecdotes that Templer produces to back up his arguments have a wry, deadpan humour. Commenting on the attitudes of such anti-war activists and writers as Susan Sontag and Mary McCarthy, he writes,

'McCarthy was even struck by the rareness of acne among Vietnamese youth, which she took as a sign of a higher moral existence.' The book is studded with such gems.

Sadly, by the time Templer left Hanoi in 1997, 'reforms had become bogged down in the incessant debate over how much Vietnam should open up'. The 'optimism and recovery' had been replaced by 'a climate of disappointment and impatience'. For anyone interested in the real legacy of the Vietnam War, this book should be compulsory reading.

Lucretia Stewart is the author of *Tiger Balm: Travels in Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia* (Chatto & Windus, £12.99).

Veronica Horwell on cold comforts

## Sting of the Starkadders

**Out of the Woodshed: A Life of Stella Gibbons**  
by Reggie Oliver  
272pp, Bloomsbury, £25

**G**ay Agony by H.A. Manhood, 74.6d... This is about a young man called Micah. Born in a place called Thrust. There is someone else called Shaphan Ask... No, no: not parody, but a book review Stella Gibbons wrote for *The Lady* magazine in 1930, in a job she described as a 'plum' means of paying her way, even if she did have to publish pieces entitled 'Do Women Write Novels?' opposite Mrs C.S. Peels full-page article 'How to Fry Potatoes'.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that it was having to read quantities of fashionable rustic tosh in the process of earning her nine guineas a week first on the *Evening Standard*, then on *The Lady*, that provoked Gibbons to the exorcism of writing *Cold Comfort Farm*, the masterpiece parody laughed at still though the best-sellers it mocked are forgotten.

What all CCF fans could have guessed, but not prove until Gibbons's nephew Reggie Oliver researched this perhaps over-quiet biography, is that the power of CCF draws not on literature, but on life. Gibbons borrowed decor and dialect from Mary Webb's *Precious Bane* and its imitations, as Webb had brewed her pottage of misery from the glimmer ingredients of Thomas Hardy's novels. But the Starkadder family were unutterably real. Gibbons's grandfather and father were so rich a mix of hypocrisy, sexual predatoriness and emotional manipulation that the whole Starkadder clan, brooding and breeding near Howling in Sussex, could be created out of them.

Her father, Telford Gibbons, a doctor in the slums of Kentish Town, was a drunken, drugged tyrant who smashed banisters and preyed on servant girls in the gothic surgery; she wrote in the near-autobiographical novel *Enbury Heath* a cool account of the attempted suicide by overdose of a governess he had abandoned. For Gibbons was Flora Poste, the rational being who finds it illogical that anyone should choose to have a nasty time when they could have a perfectly nice one. And who considers that yacking on about sex (as did the D.F. Lawrence-reading arty folks Gibbons hung about with, whom she thrifflily used as a basis for the pulchritudinous Mr Mybug in CCF) was probably a substitute for some more interesting activity, like embroidery. And who despises those who use victimhood as moral and emotional blackmail.

The sad aspect of CCF is that its exorcism seems to have been too thorough. With it Gibbons freed herself enough from her past to make a peaceable, private marriage which sustained her for the rest of her life; but respectful though Oliver is about her later novels (*The Matchmaker* and *Here Be Dragons* are subtly excellent reads), they lack the clout of CCF. It is a very good thing to marry sensibly oneself, but not to assume that to be the sole happiness which can be bestowed upon every character in fiction. Oh, there's a reference to a wartime fantasy we've never got our hands on, called *Ticky*, a conflation of *Quixote*, *Daisy Ashford's The Young Visitors*, and the film *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*; Oliver records an officer reading it aloud to his troops in the Burma jungle. It sounds delectable in a CCF way. Anyone care to reprint?

Simon Carnell reads the postmarks of Republicanism

## Philately will get you everywhere

**The Star Factory**  
by Claran Carson  
295pp, Granta, £6.99pbk

**T**owards the end of *The Star Factory*, Claran Carson writes of putting his head into his postman father's delivery sack, and detecting there 'crumples of absented correspondences' and 'the metallic resonance of a small tin toy'. The book itself is stuffed with material seized on for its redolent and reminiscent qualities, exactly described and incorporated into associative runs and turns of remembering. From 3D hits and matchboxes to mantelpiece ornaments and castor dials in line. As a book about growing up Catholic and bi-lingual with Irish in Belfast, where its author was born in 1948, has lived ever since and written some of the best poetry to come out of Northern Ireland, it also teams with things read for their specific cultural and political significance.

It is made up of short, discrete chapters, separately entitled, independently composed, linked by association rather than narrative progression — and to be read in any order, according to Carson. One such route through it might reconstruct a relatively conventional memoir of pre-'Troubles' Belfast, with its intimate reflections on school, children's comics, games, stories, bonfire nights. Another find a dense local history of the metropolis, with its interweaving of street directories, old photographs, vanished tram systems and arcades, the decaying remnants of an industrial power house, 'relics of Empire'. A third a book about memory itself, or about narrative, and so on. What most distinguishes it, though, is the

coming together of these facets. In a mazy, allusive, *sui generis* discourse, designed to locate itself in a city figured as a labyrinth, 'an ongoing, fractious epic', and a vast construction site of signs.

Reading this particular city inevitably involves some urgent attention to detail. How did one know, for instance, exactly where the Falls Road ended and the Shankill began? By noticing variations in 'street furniture': 'graffiti, obviously; more subtly the galvanised iron flagholders bolted to the walls of terrace houses'.

Carson tends to play down and reduce to an unsensational scale the fractious aspects of the city. But also to subtly involve unexpected things in historical and cultural matrices. Even that postbag is not innocent. One chapter consists of a typically oblique take on the Royal Mail. It begins with his own child-



Carson's connections... stamps of the Empire, the taking of the GPO in Dublin, Republicanism

hood passion for philately, for British stamps with their 'inks of pale rose, carmine, lilac, bistre and vermilion'. Then, via quotations from Walter Benjamin, *Stamps of The Empire, Fire and Her Stamps* and Yeats, it reaches the taking of the GPO in the 1916 'Rising': 'a symbolic act', Carson writes, 'for nowhere was the crown as near ubiquitous as on postage stamps'. What began as nostalgia over collections cunningly and wittily develops into a diagram of his early 'latent republicanism' — and of the ironies implicit in his father's occupation.

Other kinds of obliquity can seem baffling. Why, you wonder at first, does another chapter consist of a collage of quotations from books about the Titanic? Partly, as a single introductory sentence makes clear, as examples of particular kinds of narrative. But the Belfast-built ship and its fate also provides him with a metaphor for imperial gigantism. As well as a wonderful concluding paragraph about childhood dreams of being 'a disembodied robotic eye', moving amongst its wreckage on the sea floor. And then again, 50 pages later, with a tiny concealed pay-off. 'The tip of the iceberg', he remarks, is how the Protestant community saw a new estate built on the Falls Road to house Catholic residents.

Some of the book's ironies and tonal ambivalences derive from nostalgic affection for 'once great' industrial Belfast with its 'super-structures of defunct Titanic industries', combined with relish for the kinds of change through which the minority culture is coming into its own. Though that's hardly the kind of reductively sociological perspective which one takes away from this bristlingly intelligent, sometimes moving tour de force and storehouse of a book.

## The Loafer

Which author could possibly hope to boast the likes of Jarvis Cocker, Damon Albarn and Bruce Reynolds (the Great Train Robber) at the launch of his new novel? Obviously, none other than Cool Britannia's hippest lit child, Irvine Welsh, whose celebrations to mark the publication of *Filth* didn't even begin until after most decent folk's bedtime, and ran through the night. One noticeable feature of the party was its entrance which, echoing an episode in the book, was decorated as a brothel and peopled, apparently, by a prostitute and a policeman, specially posted to greet the rich and famous.

On signing in to Welsh's party, guests were fingerprinted — a nod towards the authorities which should please one law-abiding reviewer. Julie Myerson, writing in the *Independent* on Sunday, attached a postscript to her review, reviling the flyposters dotted around London advertising *Filth*. 'Does Bertelsmann, a publishing conglomerate which measures its profits in zillions, really need to resort to this illegal and vandalising form of advertising?' she asked querulously. The *Loafer* applauds all reviewers brave enough to take on the evil books barons and speak their mind on the dangers facing contemporary society — in the face of overwhelming odds.

Who said that reference publishing isn't full of international intrigue? Not the President of the Philippines, who is up in arms about the definition of his countrywomen in a new Greek dictionary — which variously describes them as 'housemaids' and 'performers of non-essential tasks'. Fidel Ramos has made a formal protest to the Greek government, complaining that author George Babanyotis's rather narrow worldview ignores the achievements of Filipino women in the arts, politics and academia, including, of course, his predecessor Corason Aquino. Babanyotis is no stranger to this kind of cultural criticism, however — his previous work was attacked on the grounds that it included the rather outlandish suggestion that a Bulgarian was derogatory slang for a sports fan.

James Flint read from his new novel, *Habitus*, at that haunt of literary routes, The

Cobden Club, last week. But one member of the audience was not as enthralled as he ought to have been, and busied himself instead with entertaining a small child, whose delighted cries made Flint's address less than easy to hear. The inattentive listener? None other than Flint's fellow novelist Lawrence Norfolk, who is clearly able to give more pleasure to those around him by not reading from his equally weighty tomes.

Not that you can faze the editors at Fourth Estate, Flint's publishers, now that the summer is here. Instead of sweltering in their offices, the industry's dream team has taken to holding its editorial meetings in Kensington Gardens, complete with ice creams and sunglasses. 'One of the most productive meetings we've ever had,' opined their editorial director,



Christopher Potter, of the last such gathering, which gives a whole new meaning to the term 'summer reading'. Fourth Estate are also congratulating themselves on the appointment of their MD, Victoria Barnsley, as a trustee of the Tate.

Books for cooks and cooks writing books. Nigella Lawson's manual-cum-recipe book, rather formidably entitled *How to Eat*, hits the bookshelves next month with the following enticement from its sultry author: 'This is the work of a voluptuary rather than a nag.' Meanwhile, battling for the real-life cooks is that stalwart of the British culinary establishment, Prue Leith, who has written what her publishers Michael Joseph hope will be a very tasty commercial novel.

Chris Petit fights SAS paranoia

## Some tears for fears

**Freefall**  
by Tom Read  
348pp, Little, Brown, £15.99

**T**om Read's account of his adventure soldiering and mental crack-up fits snugly with today's commercial needs: from unreconstructed squaddie masculinity to new-mannishness via nervous breakdown and self-hypnosis. The jacket puff by Read's friend Andy McNab tells the reader exactly how to take it: as a mixture of his own *Brazo Two Zero* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; and it made him cry. In the face of this, any hostile review can only be seen as knock-kneed and childish. Still, it is worth asking why — given the SAS's quasi-secret status — so many ex-members blab and end up in the cissy business of writing, given that for the active man reading is regarded as a misfortune reserved for the recovering alcoholic.

After leaving school early, Read joined the Parachute regiment and developed a passion for jumping out of aeroplanes. His basic training is less memorable than Michael Asher's in *Shoot to Kill*, and versions of SAS operations disingenuous beside Mark Urban on the same sorties in *Big Boys' Rules*. Outside ops, SAS life is shown as the usual write-it-in-my-sleep round of Brecon Beacons, bergens, relentless nicknaming, great bunch of mates, low introspection and poor domesticity (the broken marriage *de rigueur*).

Read missed out the Falklands and the Gulf War, and instead drew his own joker. After leaving the army (under not entirely clear circumstances) and while planning a sponsored jump from 26 miles above the earth — freefalling through space to become the first man to break the sound barrier

unaided — he found himself unexpectedly facing the terrors of inner space and went mad, ending up with galloping paranoia and cowering on the sofa with the TV turned up to get him through the 'dark nights'.

His first breakdown climaxed after almost 200 sleepless hours with the decision that his then girlfriend — never indispensable — had to go. Trying to kill her ended with him in a French asylum, and provides a handy start for the book: how did I get here? A cut-and-paste flashback assembly, which gives a tension *Freefall* otherwise would not have had, makes the book's merits editorial rather than literary or diagnostic.

As for the why of his madness, Read is still after the answer (cheating the reader somewhat). Several reasons are offered, all dramatic, but the real cause, overlooked by him, might be more banal, and obvious, hinted at by the woman who helped him in his second breakdown. Tying up after him, she remarks in passing that Read had spent too long in the army, where everything was done for him. Read on institutional life, even psychiatric care, supports this observation — he understands institutions instinctively and outside their confinements appears bereft.

As a textbook case of paranoid crack-up *Freefall* has a fascination quite lacking in the accounts of the book's highs — as a general rule, the worse Read gets the better his book. As for the highs, one feels no more inclined to contemplate jumping from a plane after reading Read than before, whereas after Werner Herzog's film *The Great Ecstasy of Woodrow Steiner* the notion of a ski-jump made perfect sense, and one was left envious for never having had the experience.

# arts



## Meet Mike and Claire. Now watch them have sex in front of 6,000 clubbers

Is it a porn film or a seminal work on club culture? **Decca Aitkenhead** on *Manumission The Movie*

**H**ere is a young man who can fellate himself. His introduction is made by a pair of strippers, dressed as erotic witches, who congratulate him on this unusual accomplishment. Then we meet a dwarf on a horse with a gun, wearing a cowboy hat. A naked S&M artiste demonstrates the puzzling art of blood-letting. Howard Marks makes occasional, somewhat opaque appearances as narrator. And a young couple have limitless varieties of sex on stage in their nightclub, in front of thousands of clubbers.

This, more or less, is the cast of *Manumission The Movie*. People in Ibiza have been talking about it for

almost two years now, and it has been described variously as the seminal clubbing movie of a generation, as *Easy Rider* for the nineties, and as a bit like *Woodstock*, only not so boring. People you meet in the giddy, suggestible world of nightclubs are always talking about making movies, and the movies they talk about making are always going to be seminal, and are never actually made. This month, *Manumission* achieved something many doubted, and no one else has ever managed — the premiere of a club culture feature film, made by the club itself.

The history of *Manumission The Movie* is as chaotic and charmed as its subject. Early last year, Mike McKay and Claire Davies — one of the two British couples who created

the Ibiza nightclub, *Manumission* — could be heard enthusing about the project in the island's bars. They were going to fly out a different crew each week to film the club's bacchanalian excess. It seemed a doubtful notion. But within months, clubbers were finding camera crews picking their way among the freaks, voyeurs and the beautiful who come to Ibiza for the *Manumission* season. Directors came and went all through the summer, returning to London with hours of film, and starting tales of what they'd seen.

By January, Mike and Claire announced that they had brought an editor out to Ibiza to make the movie. He was stuck up a mountain in an editing suite, they claimed. By the spring, journalists were being

promised videos of the trailer, but none appeared. And then, suddenly, the editor was said to be back in London, putting the final touches to the film. We spoke briefly; he would send a video. Nothing arrived. We spoke again; the movie, he said, was totally shocking, really visceral. Why didn't I come and see the trailer?

And so we met in a bleached-pine Soho office, staffed by teenagers in trainers walking in circles, talking on mobiles, and we watched 15 minutes of the movie. Would it be ready in time for the premiere next week, I wondered? "Christ!" he said. "Is it really next week?" He clattered out of the blonde cool of the offices, back to east London for more editing.

On August 1, a hundred or so of Europe's clubbing aristocracy were invited to a restaurant inside Privilege, the nightclub which hosts *Manumission* each summer. Drag queens and hardbody boys served roast beef; at the glass looking through to the dancefloor, clubbers who'd paid £30 to get into *Manumission* gazed in, like tramps at the window of the Ritz. Mike and Claire shimmered through their guests. Minutes before screening was due to begin, some of the diners breathed carelessness, languid doubts about the film's very existence. And then, suddenly, the lights dropped and on a giant screen, *Manumission The Movie* began.

**M**anumission was founded as a dance club by Mike and his brother, Andy, in Manchester four years ago. The pair were clean-cut graduates with no experience as club promoters, and they took the city's club scene by surprise. *Manumission* ran in a modest basement in the gay village for just three months before attracting the violent attentions of drug gangs and, after a petrol attack, the brothers quit and relocated the club in Ibiza, this time with their girlfriends. Within a summer, the four — all in their twenties — had built a reputation for a club unlike any other — full of dancing dweaves, surreal entertainments, sexual ambivalence and extravagant hedonism. Each week the club opened like a grandiose theatrical performance; clubbers would find pantomime cows on the dancefloor, and clowns peeling potatoes. It was heady, imaginative, and soon sensationally successful.

Open for just 14 weeks through the summer, it drew well over 100,000 youngsters from across Europe; most are from Britain, and many come to Ibiza just to go to *Manumission*. The club runs its own holiday company, owns two bars on the island, has its own motel just for DJs and dancers, and prints its own magazine. It employs up to 200 staff for the summer, and around it flitters a glittery circle of the fashionable and infatuated. It is generally

agreed to be the most famous club in the world.

On the day of the movie premiere, the Daily Mail ran a scandalised "expose" of the club. Its chief scoop was that *Manumission* draws the crowds with live sex shows performed by Mike and Claire. This was great Daily Mail stuff — middle-class depravity for innocent British teenage punters. It was, however, hardly a secret. The live sex shows — part hard-core porn, part Benny Hill — have been a regular feature since May last year, involving much orgasmic on-stage copulating, with the ubiquitous lesbian action of girl strippers thrown in. The Spanish authorities take a relaxed view on such matters.

So the movie was always going to have a lot of sex in it. It has no plot, though, or dialogue, and is rather light on narrative. It leads you through 24 hours in the sexually chaotic world of *Manumission*, sweeping through backstage dressing-room scenes, dancefloors, interviews with clubbers, dancers and freaks, and relentless sex scenes. Here's a girl whipping someone with a dildo, here's a freaky American talking us through a grizzly S&M anecdote. She practises auto-blood-letting, smeared handfuls of blood, spurring from her arm, inside herself, then into her mouth. And now here are Mike and Claire having sex again, and here are some clubbers having a good look.

"It's like an impressionistic experience of going to *Manumission*," says the editor, Bruce McKenna. "It's not supposed to be a documentary, it's like you are coming into a conversation late, but it should make sense. There are bits that make you want to cover your eyes but there's nothing that would get you arrested at the airport. It's light and dark. It will be, er, very talked about. And it's meant to be funny. It has to be funny." He pauses. "Hopefully."

There was a little laughter from the crowd at the premiere, but rather more squeals and some mystified spells. Many in the audience declared themselves shocked, though no one seemed quite clear what it was they were looking at; an extended pop video, a sophisticated home video, or a surreal porn film. Nor was anyone later able to decide whether it was any good.

In many ways, this doesn't matter. Most of the directors and crew gave their services for free, seduced by the prospect of a week in Ibiza, so total costs came to less than £200,000. Mike and Claire can now consider themselves movie stars, so they are happy. *Manumission* could afford to write the whole thing off, though they probably won't have to, for contained in the confusion of the current edit is a compelling club movie. Channel 4 has expressed an interest in buying it, as have various other parties, and it may indeed eventually make its way to a cinema near you.

For the film to work, it must pull

off the same illusion that has made the club a million-pound industry. This is the illusion that for one night you too can be welcome and adored in the daringly beautiful glamour-land of *Manumission*. Tonight, you are not a boring prude at all, but a privileged member of the avant garde elite. You are amazing! Why not take your clothes off! Have sex! Free your mind! You are wild!

This is the simple trick of *Manumission*. Of the 8,000 clubbers each week, some 6,000 are deeply conventional British youngsters dressed in Miss Selfridge spaghetti dresses and Top Man shiny shirts, who seldom even visit nightclubs at home. Five years ago they would have been going to Benidorm for their holidays. Now they pay maybe £100 for a night in *Manumission* — entry, drinks, drugs — and dance themselves into a fervour, possibly have sex with someone afterwards, and are still telling their friends at home about it at Christmas.

The other 2,000 are professional show-offs with mannequin eyes and bodies which they deploy as public playgrounds. They supply the exotic sexual fantasy for the Top Shop kids; the Top Shop kids supply the paying audience. It is exquisitely balanced; too much Top Shop and it's just another club, too much drag and the bills don't get paid. Drag queens do not care for paying to get into clubs.

The club sells itself as an irrepressible sexual revolution. "*Manumission*" means to free your mind from mental slavery, and it promises its dancing followers entry at the gates of hedonism. Sometimes *Manumission* is an elaborate pretence — that Mike and Claire peddle grand illusions of sexual revolution because it pays well, but are in fact coolly calculating ticket sales in return for sex. Mike and Claire say they couldn't care less about money,

and talk excitedly of freeing minds with creative sexual energy. They genuinely appear to believe in it all.

The business minds in fact belong to Mike's brother Andy, and his girlfriend, and their doubts about the sex shows are well-documented. Tensions between the two couples are legendary — they rarely meet, run separate offices, and increasingly operate rival camps within the club. To some in Andy's camp, what began as an imaginative adventure is in danger of descending into a cheap, sleazy sexfest. As one said: "If the sex is so brilliantly cool and radical, how come it's always Mike with an orgy of bunny girls. You never see him get shafted by some geezer with a dildo, do you?" But to Mike's camp, the whole point of *Manumission* is sexual excess.

Then there are those who find the club not shocking, in a Daily Mail kind of way, but sinister. It has a cultish quality, they warn. In its charged nocturnal world, people do not free their minds so much as lose them. Even back in the early days in Manchester, some clubbers muttered that it was spooky, not quite balanced. One man had a nervous breakdown at an after-club party, and tried to throw himself out of a tower block window. He thought everyone was trying to kill him.

Nightclubs are all about illusion and fantasy. To understand how *Manumission* became the biggest club in the world, you must understand its power over people's imaginations. The theme for the club this summer is "Murder at the *Manumission Motel*", and each week a different porn actress is found dead. It's a kitsch sub-plot, a sub-plot, nothing more than that. Yet there are already whispers on the island that somebody is really going to get killed. People want to believe in *Manumission*, and so they do.

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**The Observer**



# TheGuardian weekendsport

Saturday August 15 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk

## The Premiership returns



Dressed for success... the emergence of Michael Owen gives Liverpool scope for a first Premiership trophy, and Merseyside shirt retailers hope of early retirement TOM JEWELL

## Liverpool the home hope as fiscal football kicks on

David Lacey on the dawn of a season in which a homegrown teenager could outshine the imports

**T**HIS weekend the world's richest football league renews the exacting task of giving the fans their money's worth. The more that spectators are asked to pay for the privilege of watching Premiership matches, the more they will expect by way of success and entertainment. Financial experts may be predicting a national recession but so far the English football boom has yet to acquire a hollow ring. Premiership attendances remained buoyant last season and although much of the Nationwide League is struggling to pay ever-mounting wage bills the clubs in the lower divisions continue to be well supported. How long can it last? One cloud has darkened the horizon with proposals to form a European league which would cream off the leading clubs into a closed shop designed for pay-TV and effectively downgrade the national leagues to regional sideshows. Already there is a danger of clubs becoming obsessed with the financial possibilities of

whirlpool of cards, coaches, callisthenics and controversy. This time the World Cup offered the game no serious innovations, no new truths. It was high on technique, low on drama and was won by a France team without a recognised goalscorer — or at least a goalscorer who could be recognised.

In fact this could be the season of young bloods. Liverpool have Owen, Arsenal have the fast-maturing Nicolas Anelka, 19 and another with the pace to terrorise defences. This is where Manchester United are in danger of missing out. Youth may still be on their side but it is not leading their attack. Andy Cole being a wizened 26-year-old who was never in Owen's class anyway.

So will the title at last find its way back to Anfield? The possibility is there, not least because both Arsenal and, in all probability, Manchester United will spend the first half of the season distracted by the Champions League. Yet the principal lesson of

the World Cup was that if a team are sound at the back and possess a goalkeeper, even the eccentric Fabien Barthez, who can keep the ball out of the net more often than not then all things become possible. With Liverpool, for some time now, this has clearly not been the case.

So far four out of five Premiership titles have been won by Manchester United principally because Alex Ferguson signed the world's best goalkeeper, Peter Schmeichel, and maintained a sound defence in front of him. Blackburn, in 1995, and Arsenal last season owed their triumphs to similar basic qualities.

The urgent question to be answered by Manchester United this time is how they will cope now that Gary Pallister, for so long the central pillar in their back four, has been replaced by Jaap Stam, who on several occasions in France was exposed by pace.

Liverpool have failed to mount a more serious challenge in the Premiership because of consistent failings in goal and defence. They pass the ball better, and more often, than any other team in the Premiership and once Robbie Fowler is fit to rejoin Owen and Steve McManaman their attack will be formidable. It will also, in the main, be English. Maybe Gerard Houllier can sort things out further back, given the importance the French always place on clean sheets. Chelsea, Leeds United and Blackburn could be worth an each-way bet in the league but are more likely to succeed in the cups. Nottingham Forest and Charlton will do well to survive, and the Wimbledon phenomenon may at last have run its course.

At 18 Owen has the rare responsibility of carrying the hopes of club and nation on his shoulders. He could inspire Liverpool to their first Premiership title, and their first championship since 1990. He will surely be the central figure in England's attempt to qualify for the 2000 European Championship.

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## Rusedski returns, scarred but confident

Richard Jago describes the delicate rapport and interaction between player and coach as the British No.1 tennis star picks up the threads of action with a Swede

**G**REG RUSEDISKI's spell in the wilderness ended this week when he flew to Indianapolis with a new coach, a nearly recovered ankle and fresh hopes. The British No.1 will need all of these and more if he is to survive the biggest crisis of his career. Rusedski expects to compete for the first time in two months at the ATP Championships beginning there on Monday. At any time that would be a debilitating absence. It is made worse right now because Rusedski knows that, unless he moves immediately into a high gear, he will surrender the progress he made a year ago.

In five fantastic weeks then Rusedski elevated himself from being one of the postlers in the pack to the world's top five, earning a guaranteed seeding in every tournament, the accolade of the world's fastest server, the BBC Sports Personality of the Year award and eulogies about possibly being Britain's first world-beater for 60 years.

If during the same period now, Rusedski falls back to a ranking in the thirties it may be a far more laborious task regaining the limelight. But his worries are more serious than needing a fast restart. He has been damaged mentally and physically by what happened at his traumatic Wimbledon, during which his ill-judged decision to compete while unfit was followed by Tony Pickard's ill-timed decision to quit as his coach.

"You don't come out of those things without being scarred," says Britain's Davis Cup captain David Lloyd. The talk too is that the ankle Rusedski first injured in the Stella Artois tournament at Queen's Club in June still swells during practice.

"What doesn't kill you makes you strong," Rusedski claims. But is he yet completely ready? Determined, ambitious and courageous, he may risk paying a further price for one over-riding fault, impetuosity.

This tendency has made the consequences of injury more disastrous than they need have been, though his anxiety to play in order not to alienate his adopted country has not been fully recognised.

Rusedski's parents, who met in a Ukrainian church in Montreal, know something about difficulties facing immigrants on both sides of the Atlantic, and so does their son.

Much more than usual may hinge in the short term on how Rusedski gets on with his coach, who is now Sven Groeneveld, once helper of the former Wimbledon champion Michael Stich. Though differences between the wives of the Swedish coach and German player are said to have brought a strange end to that relationship, Groeneveld has worked well with such leading players as Marce Pierce and Monica Seles.

Rusedski has found his new coach more quickly than many expected. Finding the right partnership requires not only careful judgment but accurate assessment of present needs.

These can vary considerably at different stages of a career. A well-established player such as Richard Krajicek likes his coach Robert Goetzke to scout opponents. An overweight Seles may for the moment be best suited to the Green Beret training methods of Gavin Hopper. The enigmatic newcomer Marcelo Rios may need Larry Stefanki as a kind of psychoanalyst ("People don't understand Marcelo's personality is like the layers of an onion").

Tim Henman believes he benefits from coaching continuity. "A lot of it is about what goes on between the ears," the British No.2 says. "If you are going to get a new coach, it's going to take a long time to understand an individual's game."

"I don't think there are any similarities between Greg and me regarding coaches. I've had David Felgate for six years; Greg has had a different coach most years, I think." Then, to avoid sounding too critical, he added: "That obviously works for him."

But does it? John Lloyd articulated what Henman appeared to imply. "A lot of people would be wary of the job because it would be tough to know what success rate would be required," Britain's Davis Cup coach said.

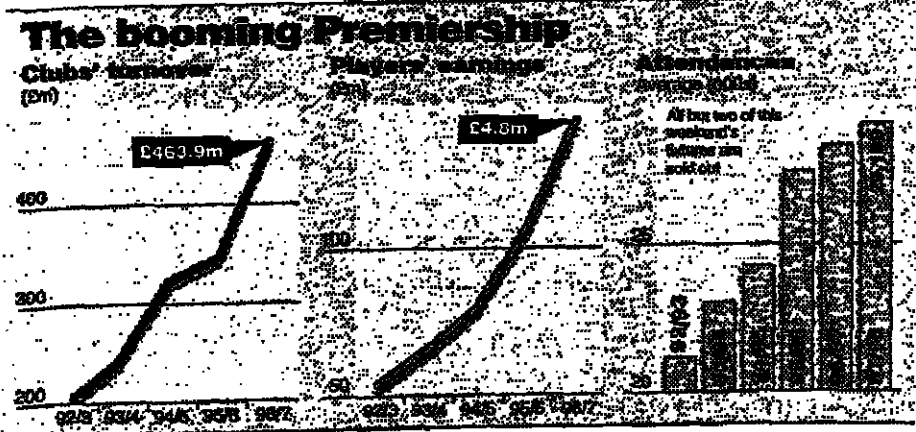
"Last year I would have said Brian Teacher [Rusedski's former coach] was the coach of the year bar none, and yet they parted company," added Lloyd. "It's hard to know whether you can go on if reaching the top is not considered a success."

"Wary" certainly describes Groeneveld and Rusedski, both of whom are disinclined to say much about their relationship. Groeneveld's presence, however, may create a less authoritarian atmosphere than the Brian Clough-style tones of Pickard, which did not suit a player who also has strong opinions. Pickard's stated reason for the split was "Rusedski had stopped listening".

The 34-year-old Swede should also be a more suitable hitting partner and, almost three decades younger than Pickard, a companion for Rusedski of more comparable age. Companionship is now the quality most frequently sought in coaches. "Greg is not as confident as he seems on the outside," says John Lloyd. "He needs a coach who can reassure him."

David Lloyd puts it more bluntly. "Greg needs someone to hold his hand," the Davis Cup captain says. "But he doesn't need someone to get out the whip because he will practise as much as anyone."

Rusedski may require some of what Henman has with Felgate. A period of steady and stable support might best help him get over the simultaneous losses of a confident, of his fitness and of one of the best chances he may have of winning Wimbledon. Just when history seemed to be beckoning, fate delivered him setbacks in triplicate. From these Rusedski may not find it easy to recover.



For England, the best thing by far to come out of the World Cup was Michael Owen and if ever a season needed a new English hero this is it. The Premiership is in danger of becoming swamped by foreign signings. Chelsea alone seem to spend half their time at Italian boot sales. Nobody should begrudge any club the right to sign outstanding footballers of any nationality but for every Bergkamp and Overmars, Vieira and Petit, Desailly, Zola and Di Matteo there are half a dozen hand-me-downs who have either seen better

### David Lacey's predictions

**Champions**  
Arsenal  
**Relegated**  
Wimbledon  
Nottingham Forest  
Charlton Athletic  
**FA CUP**  
Chelsea  
**League Cup**  
Leeds United



Greg Rusedski leaves Court One PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY M. PRIOR



## Football

# Welcome back to the dash for cash: donations and revelations at the door, no poor allowed

David Lacey



IF THE love of money is the root of all evil, then it is a wonder there is any room left for a football pitch amid the black forest of avarice left by the game's lasting affair with the fast buck.

As another Premiership season gets under way the top echelon of English football is awash with cash as never before while less and less finds its way down to the deserving poor in the lower divisions. The more the rich get, the more they appear to want.

This is not a peculiarly English phenomenon. In fact no sooner had the World Cup ended than news broke of a subversive plot to establish a league of greed on an international basis.

Its proposed title may be the European Football League but a more realistic appellation would be the Western Europe Television Alliance since the principal aim is to milk the riches which the wealthy clubs imagine are going to be offered by digital TV and pay-per-view.

Silvio Berlusconi, the president of Milan, whose present inability to regain a place in the Champions League on merit appears to be the prime force behind the breakaway competition, envisages "a super professional league like American football which will

attract millions of viewers". Or lose them in similar numbers once the novelty has worn off.

Football followers must find it hard to identify with such a scheme, especially when they are frequently told, and not only by Sky TV, that the Premiership was the best thing that could ever happen to the game. What they do know is that, with each new season, they are being asked to pay more for their season tickets so that the clubs can put more money into the pockets of the players.

Players, for instance, like Pierre van Hooijdonk who, in refusing to return to Nottingham Forest because he wanted a move, unwittingly provided a grim parody of George Eastham's struggle nearly 40 years ago to win footballers

the basic right to change their jobs.

The Eastham case ended the retain-and-transfer system. The case of Van Hooijdonk has replaced it with the retain-and-sell system.

Supporters will put up with almost anything from players provided they do not let the side down. Not so managers and coaches, whose excursions into print are rivalled by the collected plays of Ernie Wise for speed of production and banality of thought. Of the two latest examples one has caused a ripple, the other a rumour.

Such is the catchpenny nature of the football autobiography that to be commercially viable each work must attract a fat serialisation fee from one of the popular newspapers. The more dra-

matic the revelations the more a paper will be willing to pay.

So Ron Atkinson's latest life story includes some tired stuff about players using drugs, which has been swiftly overtaken by the future over Glenn Hoddle's description of Paul Gascoigne's hysterical reaction to being dropped from the England World Cup squad.

WHAT Hoddle revealed was hardly a revelation since it was widely assumed at the time that Gascoigne had gone berserk. The point at issue is whether an England coach should stich up a player in this way (not to mention his stinging criticism of the recalcitrant Chris Sutton) while he is still in charge

of the squad and should do so, moreover, in collaboration with a leading Football Association official — David Davies, the FA's director of public affairs — which is a bit like the head of MI6 helping to write Spycatcher.

Hoddle's defence, namely that he had decided to give chapter and verse of what took place only after Gascoigne had sold his version to the same newspaper in which extracts from the England coach's book have now appeared, echoed the reaction of Bryan Robson, Gascoigne's manager at Middlesbrough, to this grubby business. "Fascistic," was the way Robson described it, although Graham Kelly's lonely, Batemanesque defence of Hoddle amid such wide condemnation amounted more to bathos than pathos.

In the past the FA has fined players lured into sensational print for financial gain, the punishments reflecting the amounts they are reckoned to have received. Does anybody at Lancaster Gate believe Hoddle has brought the game into disrepute? Or is the buck no longer stoppable?

Either way Hoddle can hardly complain if a disgruntled player repays him in kind. Saint Paul, who identified the evils of greed, had another warning: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The present England squad might begin to look from coach to hacks and back again through Orwellian eyes, trying to spot the difference. It seems a very odd way to set about qualifying for the next European Championship.

## Money finds a cure

Martin Thorpe



THERE is a saying that money is the root of all evil. Actually, the true wording is that the love of money is the root of all evil. It is an important distinction.

For although no one is suggesting that the Super Leaguers have evil in mind, the selfish greed of the likes of Manchester United certainly threatens much that has underpinned the game's success for over 100 years.

But then, money has all sorts of funny effects. On January 26, 1980, the then United chairman Louis Edwards was the subject of a programme by Granada Television's World In Action, which accused him of corruption and bribery.

Four weeks later Edwards suffered a heart attack and died. His son, Martin, the current United chairman, immediately pointed the finger of blame for his father's death at the World In Action programme.

"Let's not kid ourselves," he said at the time. "This is what brought about his premature death. What Granada did was a complete character assassination."

Pick forward 18 years to last Monday and we find Edwards launching United's £310 million TV channel, MUTV, in partnership with Granada, which, he tells the assembled throng, has a "well-known reputation for making quality programmes".

ARGENTINA v England 1988: blatant gamesmanship is employed for Argentina's first goal and a world-class finish for the second. England v Argentina 1988: blatant gamesmanship is employed for England's first goal and a world-class finish for the second. Maradona is branded a cheating bastard whereas Michael Owen is the best thing since sliced bread (from the Everton fanzine, When Skies Are Grey).

THE owner of an Indian restaurant in Newcastle, Abdul Latif, has twice before offered United's 36,000 season-ticket holders a free "Shearer curry from hell, the hottest curry in the world with a kick like Alan Shearer's right foot".

On neither occasion did he have to pay up, however, for Newcastle failed to win the Premiership and last season did not lift the FA Cup. But there seems no escape this time. He has offered to give away a £6.99 curry to each season-ticket holder if Newcastle beat Charlton today. However, he warns: "The curry is hot people will need time to recover. So I don't think it would be good for United's attendance if all 36,000 came at once." The offer will stay open for the rest of the season.

IN A national poll, French women have voted Emmanuel Petit the sexiest member of the squad which won the World Cup. Newcastle's new striker, Stéphane Guivarch, followed up his uncharismatic performance in France 98 by coming bottom.

THE match programme for last weekend's Charity Shield contained a glowing profile of Alex Ferguson, putting him up there with the all-time great managers of the game, such as "Tottenham's Bill Nicholson and Liverpool's Bill Shankley and Ian Paisley". Is that what they mean by a United legend?

IN MANY areas of life the fight for female equality has made great strides. In football, alas, it is something of a Pe Plo. Six days after moving from West Ham to Aston Villa, David Unsworth asked for a transfer to Everton because his wife Jane would not move from their Merseyside home.

This was the response of the Villa manager John Gregory: "It seems she wears the trousers. Girl Power and all that. There was a time when you said to the wife, pack away the crockery, darling, because we're on the move."

West Ham's Harry Redknapp was equally sympathetic about the women's role. "I don't understand why wives are getting involved," he said. "They should concentrate on looking after the kids and the house." Ah, such enlightened times.

## Davies hits back over Hoddle book

Mark Tallentire

THE Football Association's director of public affairs and the co-author of Glenn Hoddle's World Cup diary yesterday said that the England coach had asked him to do the job and claimed that the book's contents were relatively discreet.

Davies Davies, who does not consider he compromised his position at the FA, added that he had been asked to write the book to prevent Hoddle being accused of favouritism if a journalist had been approached to do the job.

"In 1986 and 1990 Bobby Robson took England to the World Cup and books were written then," he said. "They were written by a tabloid journalist who was actively working for a tabloid newspaper. There was a huge outcry at the time about that journalist getting special treatment."

Several former England managers and players, various club managers and Gordon Taylor, the chief executive of the Professional Footballers' Association, have been hugely critical of Hoddle's decision to publish details of the Paul Gascoigne, Teddy Sheringham and Chris Sutton affairs, among others, so soon after the events.

Critics have also questioned how Hoddle will be able to maintain the trust of his players, specifically after revealing details of the heated meeting he had with Gascoigne when the midfielder was told he would not be in

the 22 for the World Cup line-up.

"Glenn Hoddle is the last person on earth to deliberately break confidences," Davies said. "Other than the Gascoigne incident there is no evidence to say that he [Hoddle] breaks confidences."

"He has had hundreds of private conversations with players, managers and staff which are not in the book and will never be revealed."

Davies added that he and Hoddle often discussed the likely contents of the diary and both had expected a reaction to its serialisation in the Sun, who are reported to have paid £200,000 for the advance rights.

As to why it was written at all, Davies replied: "That is clearly a question you must put to Glenn Hoddle. The fact that he was working on this book with me has been public knowledge for some time."

Blackburn Rovers, one of only two Premiership clubs — Tottenham are the other — who anticipate selling the book, stepped into the row last night. Hoddle and Davies had explained that the Rovers striker Sutton would not be selected for England again following his refusal to play for the B side in February. "I don't want someone who doesn't want to play for their country," the book explains.

But Roy Hodgson, the Rovers manager, retorted: "There was never any intention or desire [on Sutton's part] to dismiss himself from the England picture and it is not good that this has again resurfaced his head as a result of extracts from the book."

## Dons kick off in bonus row

WIMBLEDON players are in dispute with the owner Sam Hammam over bonuses for staying in the Premiership this season. They are refusing to conduct media interviews or carry out PR work and are considering disbanding their club blazers in favour of T-shirts before today's game against Spurs.

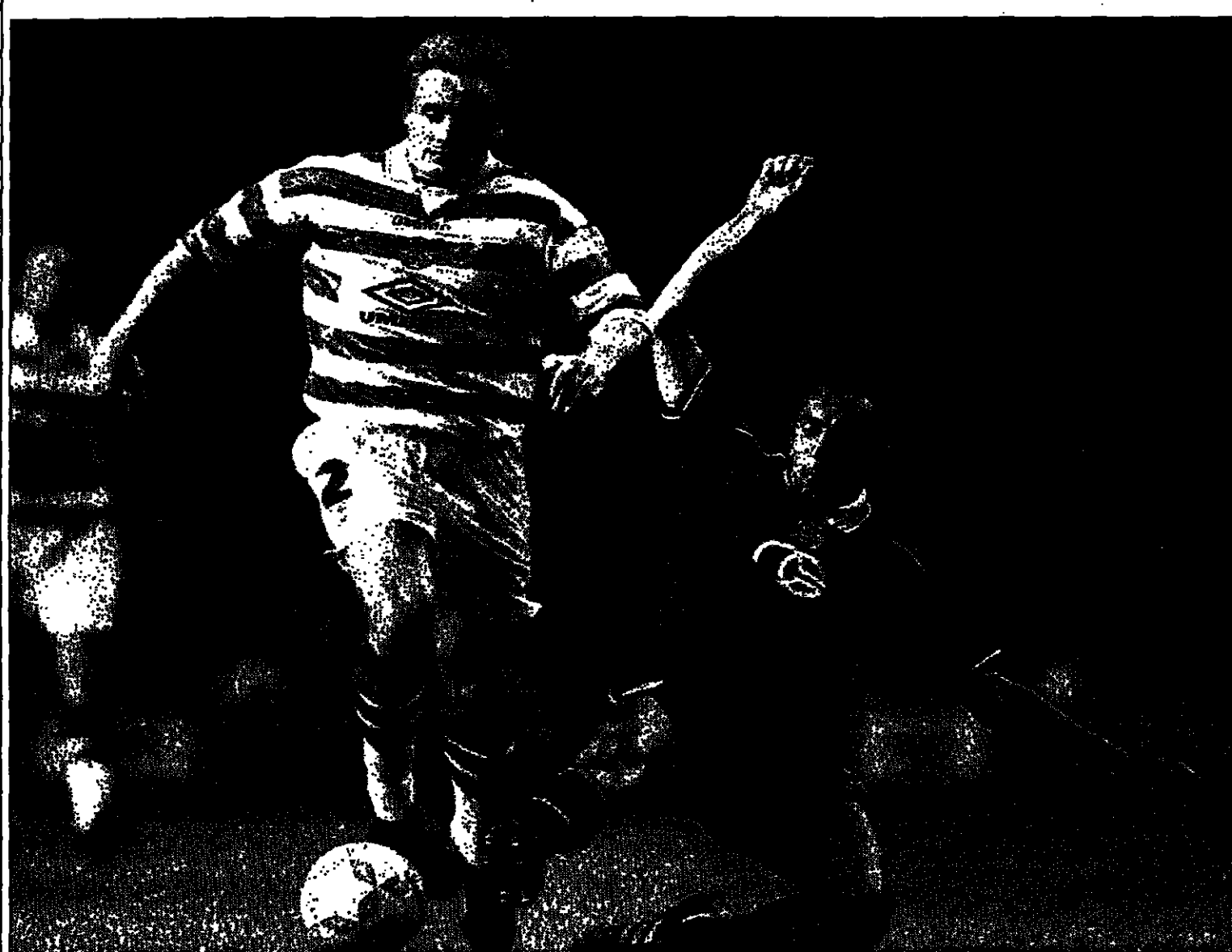
However, the manager Joe Kinnear played down the row: "We are united as ever and the players are focused on beating Tottenham."

## A N Other

FOR a month this talented Whiffy-born midfielder held the English transfer record. Then it doubled overnight. While he had a good career he never fulfilled his enormous early potential and full international honours eluded him. For 10 years he stayed in a town centre. Then his big move took him to the high ground. Later he joined a midweek team before returning to his first job via a nest of thieves.

Answer next Saturday.

## Scottish Premier League



Up against it... Tom Boyd puts off-the-field problems behind him as he seizes possession against Croatia Zagreb in midweek

CLIVE BRUNSKILL

## Celtic players intend go-slow

Patrick Glenn on the champions' threat to take industrial action over their bonuses

CELTIC's first serious test as Scottish champions, the match against Aberdeen at Pittodrie tomorrow, arrives amid dressing-room unrest and a threat by the first-team squad to take industrial action.

After the controversy this week when the captain, Tom Boyd, proclaimed the players' unhappiness with the bonus offered for qualifying for the Champions League, it is understood that the malcontents now intend to operate

football's equivalent of a go-slow.

They have determined to fulfil only part of their contracts by training and playing, refusing to carry out other duties such as attending the club's promotions and mixing with corporate clients after matches. They have also, mercifully, decided not to talk to the media.

Since Venglos, Celtic's new head coach, is to talk to the press with the general manager Jock Brown but the Slovakian doctor is hopeful that a positive

dressing-room atmosphere will help resolve the dispute.

What the Celtic players intend to achieve by their action is unclear. The matter of the European bonus money seemed to be settled when their chairman Fergus McCann doctored £50,000 from the pot of £280,000 and donated it to a Glasgow hospital for sick children. The players responded by telling him simply to pay the entire kitty to the charity, and he did so.

Venglos, the successor to Wim Jansen, finds himself in the middle of a bizarre and embarrassing situation, but insisted yesterday that it would be resolved and that performances would not be

affected. Celtic certainly played well enough on Wednesday to beat Croatia Zagreb 1-0 in the first leg of their Champions League qualifier and nobody who watched could have doubted the players' commitment.

With no new injuries to worry him after the European match, Venglos yesterday was obviously more concerned with maintaining an *esprit de corps* and a sense of duty in the dressing-room.

"From my point of view, I simply have to believe in the players' professionalism," he said. "Their spirit and co-operation on and off the field is my most important target."

"I have an opinion of the

current problem but I will tell the players that opinion when I believe the time is right. My duty is to get the atmosphere of the dressing-room right."

The Rangers coach Dick Advocaat, meanwhile, may surprise supporters by leaving the new signing Colin Hendry out of the team for today's home match with Motherwell. The defender, bought from Blackburn for £4 million, is said by Advocaat to lack match practice.

"Colin is fit but it's quite a while since he played," said the coach. "In any case I was perfectly happy with the way Craig Moore performed in central defence against PAOK Salonika on Tuesday."

## Nationwide League

## Knighton laments 'chasm'

Michael Walker

ON THE day the Premiership officially overshadows the rest of English football on the pitch, a remarkable statistic confirmed the ever-increasing disparity of it: the approximate £103 million spent on players by Premier League clubs over the summer, only 10 per cent went on signings from the Nationwide League.

Most alarmingly, says the Football League, precisely nothing was spent on players from the Third Division.

No wonder Michael Knighton's vocabulary yesterday morning was peppered with such words as "vortex" and "chasm" as he sat in Fox's, Carlisle United's swish corporate suite. Although last week's report from Deloitte & Touche's Football Unit rated Carlisle the third fastest-growing club in England over the past five years, their chairman says that transfer fees are the money that bridges the gap in those weeks when you fall short.

Speaking as a chairman rather than as director of football, his other title since Merwyn Day's sacking last September, Knighton said no one wanted to know about such economic realities. "The first priority is to ensureolvency. I want to see success on the field, but not at any price. Look, 85 per cent of clubs are in serious financial trouble yet some fans still seem unable to understand that £1 million is a massive amount of money."

Carlisle balanced the books last season by selling Matt Jansen to Crystal Palace and Rory Delap to Derby County for a total of £2 million, but paid a price by being relegated. Knighton considers the teenager Scott Dobie another Premiership prospect but fears that big clubs automatically look abroad first: "They don't look hard enough here."

This season he expects to see several players in the Third Division good enough to make the jump but will hope none is in Scunthorpe's side today. Brian Laws' team missed out on the play-offs by

a point in May and along with Rotherham, Torquay and Orient are rated as challengers by Knighton. So are Brentford, another club owned and managed by one man, Ron Noades. Noades has the Bees top of the division after one game but promoted Halifax at The Shay will be a test of his managerial ability.

Up a flight and the biggest crowd of the day should be at Stoke, who stage something of a derby against Macclesfield. Watford, newly promoted to the First Division, host high-spending Bradford City, and another attractive fixture sees Sheffield United visit West Brom. United secured Wayne Quinn on a four-year contract yesterday, and another club busy retaining promising young players this week were Norwich.

Craig Bellamy, 19, will be in Bruce Rioch's team after extending his contract. They travel to Stockport, managed by the old Canary Gary Megson. It is to be hoped scouts from the Premiership will be there and at Glanford Park, Scunthorpe, too.

## Stanic opts for Everton move from Parma in £6.3m deal

David Orice

MARIO STANIC, the Croatia World Cup midfielder, has concluded his protracted transfer negotiations and is reported to be on the way to Everton from the Italian Serie A club Parma in a £6.3 million deal.

Stanic, who has been promised a £740,000-a-week salary, had also been chased by Aston Villa and Middlesbrough but has opted to link with the manager Walter Smith at Goodison Park.

Stanic missed most of last season through injury and may have had difficulty in holding down a regular place at Parma, partly because he is from outside the European Union. Parma have three non-EU nationals in their squad — the Colombian Faustino Asprilla and the Argentinians Juan Veron and Hernan Crespo.

Villa's manager John Gregory conceded defeat in trying to persuade Dwight Yorke to sign a new five-year contract when he admitted yesterday: "He won't sign a new contract. That's it. We have a year to try to find a replacement for him. If he has an outstanding season then the likes of Barcelona, Real Madrid, Juventus, Inter Milan and AC Milan will be knocking on his door."

Fan Zhiyi and Sun Jihai yesterday became the first Chinese players to sign for an English club when they joined Crystal Palace for a combined fee of £1 million.

Fan Zhiyi is moving from Shanghai Shenhuo on a four-year deal and Sun Jihai, formerly with Dalian, has a two-year contract.

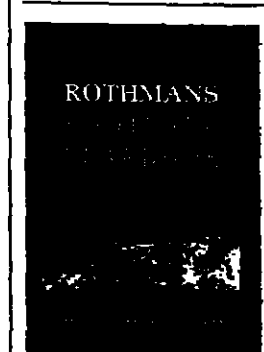
The Newcastle winger Keith Gillespie has withdrawn from the Northern Ireland squad for Wednesday's friendly against Malta in Belfast because of his ankle injury.

The Leeds manager George Graham is ready to end his summer-long search for a new midfielder by making a £1.3 million bid for the Norwegian Tommy Svinhal Larsen.

Lincoln City have been put up for sale by their chairman John Reames, who owns a majority shareholding in the Second Division club. Reames's decision to sell his controlling interest was because he felt the club needed more investment.

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Cricket

Triangular Tournament: South Africa v Sri Lanka

# Ranatunga hunger too strong for waning appetites

David Hopps at Trent Bridge

WITH every day that has elapsed, since Sri Lanka became World Cup champions, the persuasion has grown that it will all be very different in England next year. Forget all that rampant strokesplay on barren Asian pitches, just watch them self-destruct next summer when they attempt the same trick during an overcast English spring.

Well, as Rogers and Hamerstein once had it, it might as well be spring. Gloaming clouds yesterday provided a reasonable approximation of the conditions likely to prevail in the World Cup next summer and Sri Lanka remained gloriously true to their instincts, shunting aside South Africa by 53 runs in the opening game of the Emirates Triangular Tournament as they benefited from a batting start of unbridled glee.

It is 10 years since they played their last one-day international in England and, with every shot, they impressed upon a crowd of 7,000 what entertainment has been denied in their absence.

England have restored Michael Atherton, and may field him against Sri Lanka at Lord's tomorrow if conditions demand. Sri Lanka merely let loose the glibly opening pair of Sanath Jayasuriya and Romesh Kaluwitharana. The partnership that during the last World Cup changed the nature of the one-day game had 79 on the board after 10 overs.

If Jayasuriya is the prince of attacking batsmanship, "Kalu" is the clown, matching his more illustrious partner for extravagance if not always

for style. Yesterday, though, he lost nothing by comparison, lofting Steve Elworthy straight three times in quick succession, while Jayasuriya, dropped first ball by Pat Symcox at mid-off, preyed on the slightest width.

Both reached the thirties in even balls before South Africa briefly put the depression of their Test-series defeat behind them. Kalu carved Jacques Kallis' first ball high into the air, while Jayasuriya's introduction drew Jayasuriya into a deferential push and edge to the wicketkeeper, and a briefly uplifting innings by

## Scoreboard

<b>SRI LANKA</b>		
Sanath Jayasuriya c Boucher b Donald	38	
Romesh Kaluwitharana c Cronje b Kallis	33	
M S Atapattu c Boucher b Symcox	22	
P A de Silva c Kirsten b Donald	12	
A Ranatunga run out	11	
D P de Silva c Boucher b Cronje	10	
C Hewitson c Boucher b Cronje	6	
P Wickramasinghe b Pollock	4	
H Dharmasena c Boucher b Pollock	3	
M Muralitharan c Elworthy b Pollock	2	
Extras (b4, lb12, w16, nb7)	39	
<b>Total (47.5 overs)</b>	288	
bat of wickets: 25, 28, 102, 102, 224, 236, 253, 254		
<b>South Africa</b>		
Jacques Kallis b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Donald b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	
Stuart Binny b Jayasuriya c Elworthy	5-0-25-2	

Aravinda De Silva ended with Gary Kirsten's head-high catch at cover.

As wickets fell, it was incumbent upon the captain Aravinda Ranatunga to effect repairs — to "show the maker's name" as the phrase has it — and he did so with a typically shrewd half-century. Unusually, though, the maker's name on Ranatunga's bat read "Sam's Chicken and Ribs", a homepun sponsorship deal which eventually attracted the attention of the match referee, Judge Ahmed Ebrahim. Unless Sam and Arjuna reached agreement before November 1 last year (and the City has no knowledge of the deal) he has contravened International Cricket Council regulations and may be fined.

If Sri Lanka do falter in England next summer it is most likely to be because of the deficiencies of their seam bowling, and with the likes of Chaminda Vaas and Nuwan Zoysa absent from the tour because of injury, a total of 254 hardly looked irresponsible.

But the zest of bowlers revelling in their presence in England was outdone only by South Africa's subconscious desire to go home. By the 21st over they were 55 for five, the failures including the veteran Mike Rindell, called up from the Lancashire leagues but deceived by Pramodya Wickramasinghe's slower ball.

Wickramasinghe's three wickets also included Kirsten, who dragged on his first ball, enough to mark the bowler's 27th birthday, sealing the Man of the Match award and his best one-day figures. A sixth-wicket stand of 100 in 97 balls between Jonny Rhodes and Symcox revived matters but, just as it seemed that a close finish might be in the offing, Kumar Dharmasena came to hold out.



Faster, sharper, Lanka... Suresh Perera of Sri Lanka rejoices after bowling South Africa's Darryl Cullinan at Trent Bridge

REBECCA NADEN

## County Championship: Yorkshire v Lancashire

# Crawley cranks up his England claim

Andy Wilson at Headingley

SO MUCH for Yorkshire parsimony. An attack missing England's Darren Gough, the injured Chris Silverwood and the over-looked Ryan Sidebottom conceded 150 runs in 34 overs before lunch. And against Lancashire, too.

The visitors, third in the table at start of play, batted throughout an entertaining first day with a blatant disregard for the bloody-minded traditions of Roses cricket.

They reached 850, to claim maximum batting points, in the fifth over after tea, although had light snipped their intention to declare and get at the Tykes. Lancashire closed on 455 for eight, their highest total in Yorkshire.

Neil Fairbrother, Andy Flintoff, Warren Hagg and most effectively, Graham Lloyd — with 56 from 49 balls — all played enthusiastically at the plentiful loose balls, and some good ones too. But whereas each of them perished for their sometimes reckless adventure, John

Crawley managed to score quickly, while virtually a chequering risk in compiling 180 from 238 balls in 54 hours.

It was his first Roses century, the highest score by a Lancashire batsman against Yorkshire since Clive Lloyd's 181 at Old Trafford in 1972 (excluding Graham Lloyd's 225 in a friendly last year), the best ever by a Lancastrian in Yorkshire and the third highest for Lancashire in 232 Roses championship matches, equalling Albert Ward in 1892. Reggie Spooner still holds the record, with 300 not

out in 1912. Only 20 runs and 86 years apart, Crawley is a classy performer in prime form: this was his fourth century in five championship innings, his fifth as an opener in a season in which he has scored 1,151 runs at an average of 72. He surely deserves at least as many England chances as Graeme Hick.

Nathan Wood went early to the lively left-armers Paul Hutchison, well caught by David Byas at second slip, but Fairbrother and Crawley brought over — helped by

eight no balls from the young seamer Matthew Hoggard, who had a difficult Roses debut.

Crawley was also dropped by Byas at slip off Hoggard on 55 — a sharp chance, but an expensive miss. Other than that his innings was chanceless, and Lancashire's day near perfect.

The only alarm came when Wasim Akram was struck on his sore toe by a full toss from the persevering young off-spinner James Middlebrook, but the captain will be fit to bowl today.

## Scoreboard

<b>BRITANNIA ASSURANCE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP</b>		
(First day of four; 11.10)		
<b>LANCASHIRE v YORKSHIRE</b>		
Part I: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part II: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part III: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part IV: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part V: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part VI: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part VII: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part VIII: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part IX: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
Part X: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		

<b>DERBYSHIRE v WORCESTERSHIRE</b>		
Derbyshire 280-2 (50 overs); Worcestershire 280-2 (50 overs)		
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<b>GLoucestershire v Kent</b>		
Gloucestershire 455-8 (80 overs); Kent 455-8 (80 overs)		
Gloucestershire 455-8 (80 overs); Kent 455-8 (80 overs)		
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<b>YORKSHIRE v LANCASHIRE</b>		
Headingley: Lancashire 150-5 (34 overs); Yorkshire 150-5 (34 overs)		
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## Rain washes out England run chase

RAIN washed out play as England were attempting to score a daunting 284 from 48 overs to win the second Test against Australia at Harrogate yesterday.

Charlotte Edwards and Kathryn Leng had scored 64 from 16 overs before the rain came, after Australia had declared at 305 for five in their second innings.

The prolific Lisa Keighley hit 12 boundaries in scoring 90.

England have named an unchanged squad for the final Test of the Ashes series, in Worcester starting on August 21.

## Gloucestershire v Kent

# Brind heads out West as 17 wickets tumble

David Foot at Nevill Road

HARRY BRIND will be making his almost obligatory visit to the West Country today, taking in Bristol for a critical look at the pitch where 17 wickets fell by the time had light stopped play yesterday evening.

The inspector of pitches will be told by the umpires that there was nothing too untoward or dangerous about a track which encouraged lift — especially from Martin McCague and Courtney Walsh — and remained an undeniable test to batsmen, several of whom departed with wry expressions, if not to poor shots.

It was a toss to win and put the opposition in; Kent's initial bonus in a game of significance to two sides poised uncertainly on the fringe of Championship aspirations. A win here, in Gloucestershire's case with a fixture in hand, could at least sustain the optimism.

But the home county were all out for 142. Their early-order batting this summer has often appeared as bleak as those orphanage windows that, set in grey stone, look out across the ground. By the fourth over they had lost Tim Hancock and Dominic Hewson, both to slip catches off Julian Thompson.

The pattern continued though Rob Cunliffe and Mark Alleyne, in turn, did their best to adjust the trend. Cunliffe went to an inside edge and after that there was only Alleyne left to build some kind of score.

He signalled his resolve with an immediate four through midwicket and then followed that with both good sense and good fortune. Although put down in the slips and gully, and nearly taken at short leg, the captain still provided a threat of resistance in the face of consistently challenging bowling.

Alleyne passed his half-century and after almost three hours was ninth out to a well-

judged catch by Matthew Fleming at cover, running towards the boundary, off Thompson.

If McCague had found form this season one would never have guessed yesterday. That distinctive approach, chest stuck out belligerently, was back with the zest and bounce that used to serve Kent well. He took four wickets and had two catches dropped.

Now it was Kent's turn to fence and in some cases perish. That they finished on 94 for seven was very much down to a dogged stand by Steve Marsh, another captain excelling in a crisis, and Ben Phillips. Trevor Ward faced only two balls to add to the misery of his season; the debutant Chris Walsh also stayed for two deliveries. Fleming, maybe underlining the fielding prowess of Walsh at long-leg, was run out.

Gloucestershire awarded caps to the pace bowler Jon Lewis, 22, and batsman Matt Windows, 25, at lunch.

## Cricket

News and Scores

0930 16 13 +

<b>Counties update</b>		
Derbyshire 24	Middlesex 33	
Durham 25	Northants 34	
Essex 26	Nottingham 35	
Glamorgan 27	Somerset 36	
Gloucestershire 28	Surrey 37	
Hampshire 29	Sussex 38	
Kent 30	Warwickshire 39	
Leicestershire 31	Worcestershire 40	
Leics 32	Yorkshire 41	

Complete county scores 0930 16 13 23

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## Solutions

**WORDPLAY**  
1. Sequela.  
2. Calflower, pelargonium.  
3. A COUNTRY? Or are you ABSTRACTION? In my job I take PRECAUTIONS against certain UNRELIABLE BEHAVIOUR.  
4. The squares, with the 6s and 8s inverted, 14 e.g. just before the last four digits: 1144.  
5. He has a 50/50 chance of surviving the first shot. He can only win the game if he lands upon one of the two chambers marked with an X. So he'd have a 1/3 chance of surviving the game as a whole.

**QUIZ ANSWERS**  
1. Quip: Doc.  
2. Moon River.  
3. Five — one at 100, the next at 105, and yearly thereafter.  
4. Thousands of terracotta soldiers.  
5. Speedway (leading clubs).  
6. Grape: film What's Eating Gilbert Grape; In The Grapes of Wrath (Steinbeck); I Heard it through the Grapevine (Marvin Gaye).  
7. Anagrams (a type of) sail: Lisa (in Cambrian); Adli (Neddy Polly Peck head, fugitive in Cyprus); (Mona) Lisa (directed film).  
8. The second most populated cities of their countries (Brazil, Denmark, US, Austria, France, Sweden, UK).  
9. White and Blue: Collar, Nile and Ensign can be both. Novel by Dumas: Les Blancs et les Bleus.  
10. Crow family: sung by Sheryl Crow; The Thieving Magpie (opera); The Raven, poem by Poe ("quoth the raven, nevermore"); Book, in chess.

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# Racing

Ron Cox expects the St Leger winner to return to form at Newbury after a below-par Ascot run

## The shine is back on Silver Patriarch

**S**ILVER PATRIARCH, available at a very backable 5-2 in morning prices, can put a moderate Ascot run behind him and get his career back on track in the Geoffrey Freer Stakes at Newbury today.

Last season's St Leger winner will find this well-watered left-handed track with its long galloping straight, far more to his liking than Ascot where he never got into the argument when beaten 10 lengths into sixth place behind Swain in the King George.

Accustomed to competing in Group One company, John Dunlop's colt is fully capable of giving a big away in this Group Two if he is back to his best - and recent work at Arundel certainly suggests this is the case.

A gallop in blinkers earlier this week reportedly sharpened the grey up nicely. Silver Patriarch showed the benefit of that experiment by working well in a subsequent spin at Arundel, without the headgear, and a return to the form which saw him beat Swain in the Coronation Cup is on the cards.

Silver Patriarch (3.00) has beaten The Fly on the three occasions they have met. Memories of his limitations exposed in the Hardwicke Stakes and, with Strategic Choice expected to need this after a 93-day lay-off, it



Fight back... Silver Patriarch attempts to redeem his reputation in the Geoffrey Freer Stakes

PHOTO: MARTIN LYNCH

### Market forces to the fore in Great St Wilfrid Handicap

**T**HE luck of the draw deserted Emerging Market in last season's William Hill Great St Wilfrid Handicap, but it could be a different story for John Dunlop's raider in the Ripon sprint today, writes Ron Cox.

Twelve months ago Emerging Market came out of the pack to beat the runners on the stands side, but he was unable to pass back Double Action, First Maite and Double Oscar.

Lady Herries has her Sussex team in fine form, and she can win the City of Ripon Handicap - with a few years' delay - (4.45) who looked unlikely at Windsor on Monday. He is 13lb lower than when successful at Ascot last season.

There is no Tadeo (drawn 4) to tow them along, there is no shortage of fancied runners amongst the high numbers, while Pigeon (22) likes to make the running.

Emerging Market has shown nothing in two outings so far this season, but last week's run at Ascot will have put an edge on him.

Trifecta punters might also like to consider Double Action, First Maite and Double Oscar.

Emerging Market has shown nothing in two outings so far this season, but last week's run at Ascot will have put an edge on him.

Right-handed, sharp course of 1m6f with 50f run-in. Straight 6f. Going: Good to firm. + Derivatives blunders. Drawn: Low numbers back in sprint; high favoured in 3.15 race. Season day preference: 4.15 Frontal Noddy, Chestnut Clay, 4.45 Silently. Blackwater first time 2.10 Spide Day, Viscount: 4.15 Jimmy Too, Royal Revolution. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. Jumps.

### Newbury Jackpot card

RON COX	TOP FORM
2.00 Almondhams (nb)	Blackwater
2.20 Crystal Palace (nb)	Emerging Market
3.00 Silver Patriarch	Silver Patriarch
3.20 Double Action	Double Action
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## Golf

US PGA Championship

## Singh makes up early ground

Mike Selvey in Seattle sees the battle to reel in the leader begin

**F**OLLOWERS of Tiger Woods had to wait until the afternoon at Sahalee Country Club yesterday to see the overnight leader try to strengthen his hold on the 30th PGA Championship, but by then the business of chasing the Tiger's tail was under way in earnest.

On the first morning Woods had carded a four-under-par 66, a course record, to lead by two strokes from a group of eight players who included not a single European. But Colin Montgomerie, level par after the first round, made a steady if not spectacular start to the second day, picking up three shots only to lose one of them, and after 12 holes he was two under par.

Lee Westwood, though, who shot 74 on Thursday, has lost his game at present, and at 10 over par after 15 holes seems certain to miss his first cut of the year and his first to date in the States.

Instead it was the Pijian Vijay Singh who was making a charge. Level par overnight, five birdies on the front nine installed him as tournament leader, two shots ahead of Steve Elkington, three under after 14, and three ahead of a group that includes Fred Funk, Scott Gump and Frank Lickliter. Funk, Gump and Lickliter on the same leaderboard: truly there is a God.

Montgomerie's first round, containing three birdies, as many bogeys and no beakings, had left him satisfied that on this challenging course he was well placed to challenge for that elusive first major. For the first time he feels that he has left little to chance in his preparation, and it is paying dividends, particularly his putting with which he was happy for the first time in months.

Yesterday, paired once more with Ernie Els and Phil Mickelson, he was out shortly after eight o'clock, the day cloudless once more with just a whisper of breeze through the forests. After paring the 1st he picked up his first shot at the par-five 2nd, where his unerring drive was followed by a second three-wood which cleared the water protecting the front of the green and ran through the back.

It left him an approach putt of some 75 feet, and after a scenic journey through the hills and dales of a tricky green his ball rolled to a stop a mere three feet away. He practises short putts such as



Steady in the sun... Colin Montgomerie lines up a putt yesterday. The Scot made a solid start to the second round

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON FERREY

these assiduously and tends not to miss.

He might have dropped a shot at the next when a towering approach shot over a stand of pines left him no more than 10 feet from the flag but in sand with a nasty downslope to negotiate. His bunker shot was nervous and executed with micro-meter precision, just clearing the lip of the trap and almost going in the hole. The putt was a formality.

A second shot was then collected on the next when his approach to the upper level of a two-tier green was judged immaculately, leaving a putt of no more than seven feet.

Waiting by the 5th tee to play the first of the par threes, Montgomerie would have noticed a sign saying that the hole was being marshalled by members of the Broadmoor Golf Club. Appropriate, he might think, for

this hole may well drive him mad by the time the championship is done.

A bogey on Thursday was followed by another as his tee shot drew to the left edge of the green when the pin, away to the right, was set perfectly for his trademark fade. Except that he appears to have lost that skill.

Faced with a putt of at least 30 paces, he left the first one 20 feet short, and if his body language was understood correctly he was never in the mood to have a run at the second. He escaped on the long 6th by chipping to four feet after he had run through the green, and again on the 8th by holing from 25 feet for par. He reached the turn in 34, one under par.

Westwood, by contrast, had found the course penal in the first round, and no better yesterday, with his birdie on the 1st — a five-iron to four feet

— proving a false dawn to another ailing day.

In a position to reach the 2nd in two, he found the water and came off with a bogey, he was fortunate to come away from the next having dropped only one further shot; he missed from 10 feet for par on the 7th; and on the 8th he was

forced to take a penalty drop after his ball lodged in the branches of a tree and he finished with a double bogey. He was out in 39.

Omens for Woods to win his second major are all around. For a start, no one with that surname can fall on a course with so much timber. And

barely 10 miles south of Sahalee lurks Tiger Mountain. Woods, by his own admission, is playing a more mature game these days, thinking rather than powering his way round the course, and keeping his driver out of the way. But there is a sneaking feeling that he is not hitting the ball as well as he would like and that it is some sensational putting which is keeping his head above water.

The fact, though, is that since Woods came on to the PGA Tour in 1996 he has never won a tournament after the first round. Most recently, he shot 65 to become joint leader of The Open at Birkdale but finished third, a stroke behind the winner, Mark O'Meara. New Zealand and day kept alive his hopes of a third major this year — and Brian Watts.

## Women's British Open

## Bitter-sweet progress by Moodie

David Davies at Lytham St Annes

**I**N TWO weeks' time the European Solheim Cup team for the match against the United States will be picked. And Janice Moodie, no matter what she does this week or next, up to and including winning the Women's British Open at Royal Lytham tomorrow, will not be in it.

Moodie, three over par after 36 holes, is only two shots behind the leader Brandie Burton and one behind Leslie Spalding, both Americans. But the Glasgow-born golfer is yet another example of the Bisley-like accuracy employed by European golf authorities when it comes to taking pot-shots at their own feet.

The Scot, a former Curtis Cup player, is one of the 12 best European players and should be in the team that goes to Jack Nicklaus's Muirfield Village course next month.

But she has no chance of being there because she will not have played the stipulated number of European tournaments, five, in order to be eligible. As Europe have lost three of the four Solheim Cup matches played so far, the last one, at St Pierre, humiliatingly by losing 10 of the last 12 singles matches, getting the best possible team together should be the greatest priority. Instead, a player who could be one of the team's greatest assets, both for her playing ability and her optimistic character, will be elsewhere.

In a more normal year the 25-year-old Moodie would be a certainty to be Rookie of the Year on the US Tour. Already this year she has won \$144,000 (\$90,000) to be 36th on the Money List. Only the presence of the remarkable Se Ri Pak, winner of two majors this year, dismisses her from contention for first-year honours.

Moodie, though upset that she cannot play, is aware of the reasons, and the situation mirrors that on the men's European Tour.

Europe's men and women have no need of complicated qualification rules. They should set out to find the best 12 Europeans, regardless of where they choose to earn their living, and ask them to play. The idea is to beat the United States and that will happen more often if all the best players play.

Moodie, who is level with the American Wendy Ward and Staffordshire's Sue Strud-

wick at three over, might well have been leading outright but for Lytham's fearsome finish. Holes 17 and 18 are Nos. 1 and 2 respectively in terms of difficulty and they cost Moodie three shots, mostly because she was in bunkers at both.

By the same token Burton might have led by more were it not for her own entanglement with the sand. The short 9th is surrounded by nine bunkers and the American found one from the tee. The ball was plugged so badly that she had to play away from the pin and then hit the ball so hard that it ran over the green into another bunker. It added up to a double-bogey five.

Burton came home in 36, one under par, and was one of only eight players to break par on the hugely difficult homeward half.

With the scoring high, it means that the Korean Pak, despite rounds of 78 and 74, is only seven behind Burton and by no means out of contention, while Annika Sorenstam, at four over, and Marie-Laure de Lorenzi, at five over, are in the thick of things.

Laura Davies, who had said before the tournament that this was the event she most wanted to win, three-putted the last green to miss the cut by one shot. "The weather was better," she said tersely, "but I wasn't." Successive rounds of 79 for a 14-over-par total of 158 confirmed that fact.

An abrupt departure also confirmed her mood. Anyone wanting to know when last she played a round of golf without regret of the hole was disappointed as she disappeared into the players' locker room.

The next sighting was of a large and powerful motor car departing the players' camp in a shower of gravel and the smell of burning rubber.

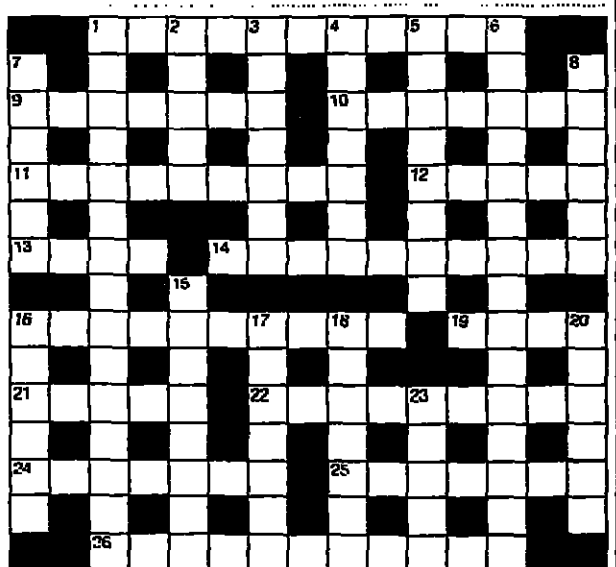


Davies... missed cut

## Guardian COLLINS Crossword 21,354

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Prize Crossword, P.O. Box 6603, Birmingham, B26 3PR, or Fax to 0171 733 4735 by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday August 24.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



Set by Bunthorne

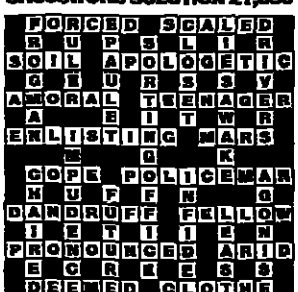
## Across

- 1 Dissenter turning many Tories purple (4-7)
- 9 Here in Jerusalem, bicultural still (7)
- 10 It's golden rain on Newchurich (7)
- 11 Forms a striking relationship (4,2,3)
- 12 A Troilopian inclination... (5)
- 13 ... is the downfall of Lewis Eliot? (4)
- 14 Lowers in crates (4,6)
- 16 Transient that is constructed on Church Rock (5,5)
- 19 Fool many and many more (4)
- 21 Zealful failure (5)
- 22 Such early worship before a noble fugitive (3)
- 24 Is one too drunk to notice Centre Point? (7)
- 25 Whence animation is observed in an empty box? (7)
- 26 Rash ascetic might use alibi for excuse say (11)

## Down

- 1 Critic (see column) savaged Stockhausen's oeuvre (10,5)
- 2 Potters' inspiration curtailed: Mosaic enthusiasts (6)
- 3 Coppers got up twice for a sweeter (7)
- 4 The death hall loved by Keats has fellow united in support of art (7)
- 5 Scott's protector is human after all, almost a T (8)
- 6 How like the birdswend: one finds nothing in it (15)
- 7 Quiet men only mount the "few" factor (6)
- 8 A parliamentary setback (6)
- 15 Noxious missile is well under way (5,3)
- 16 A gesture of honour (6)
- 17 Recuperative effect of Newcastle, one finds (7)
- 18 Don Juan in Spain: damned cretin (7)
- 20 A letter from Helen Graham (6)
- 23 Primate inhabiting hill or island (5)

## CROSSWORD SOLUTION 21,353



## Sport in brief

## Cricket

India have refused to allow drugs tests on their players at the Commonwealth Games next month. "Cricketers worldwide are not tested for drugs and we see no need to make an exception at the Games," said Jayant Lele, secretary of the country's Board of Control.

The former New Zealand Test batsman Mark Greatbatch announced his retirement from all first-class cricket. The left-hander, who played 41 Tests and 84 one-day internationals, is with the Queensland team where he is director of coaching and development.

## Ice Hockey

Bracknell Bees, having been refused a work permit for the quarter-finals of the Geoff Hamilton Forward Chris Rowland, have quickly signed a replacement in the left-winger Frank LaScala from Ontario, writes Vic Barclay. He played for Newcastle last season.

## Boxing

Herol Graham has been given the chance to become British super-middleweight champion after the holder Dean Francis relinquished his title yesterday for a shot at a world title. The 38-year-old Sheffield fighter will meet David Stieglitz, the Canadian and former British champion, for the vacant title.

## Tennis

Monica Seles won six of the last seven games to beat Nathalie Pietrangeli 6-4, 6-4 to reach the semi-finals of a WTA event in Manhattan Beach, California.

## Squash

Rodney Eyles, Australia's world champion, lost in the quarter-finals of the Geoff Hamilton Satellite Championship in Melbourne. The top seed was beaten 15-8, 14-17, 13-15, 15-10, 15-14 by Paul Price, a surprise selection for Australia's Commonwealth Games squad. Byron Davies, who will partner Eyles in the doubles in Kuala Lumpur, lost 10-15, 15-14, 15-8, 15-6 to England's Ian Higgins.

## Rugby League

## Australian push for World Cup

Andy Wilson

**A**USTRALIAN officials are to propose a World Cup in the southern hemisphere in autumn 1999 at next week's launch meeting of the International Board.

The meeting has been called by John McDonald, chairman of the Australian Rugby League, at the request of News Limited, to restore order to the international game after more than three years of chaos since the initial Super League upheaval. The last World Cup was held in 1995 in England and Wales and was deemed a great success, especially for its impact on "emerging nations" such as Fiji, Tonga, Western Samoa and the Cook Islands.

## Boxing

Mike Tyson's unfailing capacity to generate headlines from the unexpected has been evident throughout his career. He succeeded once again when he made a last-minute decision to withdraw an application to the New Jersey Boxing Commission for the return of his boxer's licence.

Instead he has requested that the governing body which banned him from the ring, the Nevada State Athletic Commission, should consider relicensing him as soon as possible.

Tyson's decision came only 15 hours before the New Jersey Commission had been due to announce the result of its deliberations into the case, three weeks after a hearing when, under questioning from his own lawyer, the former world heavyweight

champion had lost his composure and sworn on national television.

Tyson was banned from the ring as a consequence of the moment when he bit a lump from Evander Holyfield's right ear during their World Boxing Association and International Boxing Federation world title fight on June 28, 1997, in Las Vegas.

Despite his angry outburst at the hearing, it was expected he would be given his licence back by the commission, largely because of his ability to generate millions of dollars through another comeback.

Yesterday, speculation suggested the Tyson camp had received a tip-off that the verdict might go against them, and that he had cancelled his application to save face. But his boxing adviser Shelley Finkel denied this, saying that they were bowing to a growing perception that Ty-

son should be judged by the commission which had banned him. "We did it because what we'd been hearing from all the commissions was that Mike was hurting them," said Finkel, "and we can always go back to New Jersey if it's not Nevada."

The news was welcomed by Mills Lane, the feisty Reno judge who disqualified Tyson against Holyfield. Speaking on American television he said: "He should have gone for Nevada and faced the music. You cannot dance around it. Going to Nevada is what he should have done in the first place."

The executive director of the Nevada State Athletic Commission, Mark Ratner, said that he had been surprised by Tyson's request but that a "fair and impartial" hearing could be set up within two to three weeks.

## Boxing

## Viva Las Vegas, says piliant Iron Mike

John Rawling

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## Cycling

## Spanish Tour shuns France

**T**HE Tour of Spain will give France a miss next month, to avoid trouble with French police.

The Tour begins on September 6 and the 13th stage, starting and finishing in Sabinaigo, included 50 miles on French roads.

But after the drug scandals and police checks on team cars and hotels during the Tour de France, which led to all four Spanish teams pulling out in protest at perceived mistreatment of their riders, the Tour of Spain organiser Unipublic decided to amend the route.

"This decision has been taken in consideration of French justice and with the intention of avoiding more tension," said a spokesman. "We do not want to run the slightest risk of a repeat of what happened in the Tour de France."